Murray Kempton

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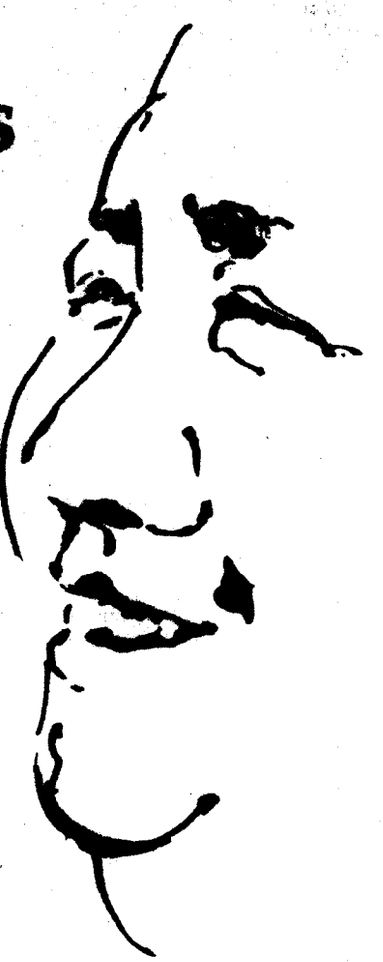

Dispensable Diem

The Editors

Merchandizing Art

Frank Getlein

Rockets Against Israel

Philip Ben Terence Prittie

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Congressional Shudders

★ It was a lively week for a change, overshadowed at the end by the loss of the atomic submarine *Thresher*.

To start with, the Committee on House Administration solemnly confronted reporter Jack Anderson (Drew Pearson's colleague, and Washington correspondent of *Parade*) and demanded to know who his "Anonymous Congressman" was. This suppositious "Congressman," speaking in the first person through the medium of articulate Mr. Anderson in *Parade*, March 24, reported that most of his colleagues were honest but some padded payrolls, misused public funds, sold influence.

Congress is hypersensitive just now, and has every reason to be. Its prestige is sinking individually and institutionally, and it feels unloved. When columnist William S. White wrote darkly the other day that attacks on Congress looked to him like a plot to destroy the world's last refuge of free debate, three separate Congressmen gratefully inserted the piece the same day in the same *Congressional Record* (April 2).

Committee chairman Omar Burleson (D, Tex.) dramatically installed a telephone right by his hand as he started to question Anderson (so that he could call the Anonymous Congressman, see? – when he found his name).

Anderson, a large, cool, blonde who seemed able to take care of himself, counter-ployed; wild horses wouldn't drag the name from him, he said, but he would love to reveal the names of half a dozen unethical Congressmen. Mr. Burleson shuddered and recoiled. It ended in a lively shouting match in the small room, with one burly Congressman near this writer threatening to settle it man-to-man with an Anderson stalwart. (The latter had booed the chairman's refusal to hear Anderson's evidence.) What struck us about this minor episode was the way the criticism of Congress, ranging from scholarly James MacGregor Burns to columnist Roscoe Drummond, is getting under the members' skin. Fine!

Rocky on the Tightrope

★ Also this week Governor Rockefeller came to town. Rocky is an agreeable glamor figure with an attractive grin, whom it is hard to dislike. Politics imposes on him in his role of as-yet-unavowed Presidential candidate the cruelly difficult task of finding something critical to say of Kennedy at every utterance and of simultaneously walking a tightrope between conservatives (who control state machines) and independent urbanites, without whom he can't get elected. On the whole we thought the governor did a pretty competent political job of obfuscation. He threw a nice innuendo when he said he "hoped" that Kennedy's restraining of Cuban exile commandos wasn't an effort to "placate or to appease the Soviet," and he got in some jabs at "government spending" (dreadful thing).

One thing we like about Rockefeller though, he would cut taxes $10 billions, right away quick, effective July 1. We think JFK's so-called expansionary tax cut the first year (under $3 billions) is preposterously small for the state the economy is in. Rocky would couple his cut with a lot of unsatisfactory conditions, but on the basic purpose of creating a federal deficit he is sound.

Recovering the Fumble

★ Most stirring development of the week came in the House restoration of funds for the accelerated public works bill, and in the sudden break in the steel price line. President Kennedy's prestige was deeply involved in each.

The House Appropriations Committee, as you remember, suddenly slashed $450 millions from the public works bill (designed to create half a million emergency jobs). With 5.6 percent unemployment we find it hard to understand how individual Congressmen could vote such a cruel cut, and the depressing thing is that public opinion is so confused that they might have got away with it. The House thrashed it out, however, and restored the cut.

This vote, we suspect, goes far beyond the immediate issue; it pretty well takes the wind out of the GOP "economy" drive, which was nine-tenths make-believe anyway. Sometimes we think Washington politics is mostly make-believe. It imposes a ritual on Governor Rockefeller in his pre-nuptial candidate's flight; it makes Chairman Burleson pretend that all Congressmen are virgin pure and wouldn't know a counter-part fund if they met one; it produces a positive thumping of breasts for economy, and an elevation of rear ends in genuflections to a balanced budget. The very leader of the House Republicans, Rep. Halleck, passionate economizer, has a nice little item of $24 million to build a deep water port on the southern side of Lake Michigan in Indiana. (Guess what state Halleck comes from!) The item, incidentally, is not included in the President's budget, but would be added to it, presumably after five, ten or fifteen billions had been slashed in economies. (It's a rare Congressman who doesn't have a little snort of home-brewed spending in his hip pocket.)

Word from Wheeling

★ When the Wheeling Steel Corporation raised prices $6 a ton last week steel shares bounced up buoyantly on the stock market, but when Mr. Kennedy quietly decided to delay his Easter vacation it unnerved Wall Street and prices subsided. Was it a coincidence that Wheeling took its action precisely on the anniversary of the 1962 steel row? Kennedy, we always thought, was at his best in that crisis; he was good and mad, and he made us feel we had a President. (Every great President has been suspect by the privileged; beware the President who is not called "anti-business"!) The Kennedy statement of April 11, 1962, still has a fine ring – "a few gigantic corporations have decided to increase prices in ruthless disregard of their public responsibilities." It seems hard to believe that a man who could write that would turn for advice on foreign aid a year later to the group that wrote the Clay Report.

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Dispensable Diem

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Reports of clashes between "neutrals" and pro-Communists in Laos are disquieting, but the news from Vietnam, even as screened through heavily-censored press dispatches, is no better. Operations whose tantalizing names were heard so often last year – "Sunrise, "Delta," "Waves of Love" – have either bogged down or have been quietly shelved. Nevertheless, the Administration, sensitive to any possible criticism that it "gave away" Laos (though it was not America's to give or grab) and apprehensive about the increasingly worrisome situation ("managed" down, as much else) in northeastern Thailand, feels it must grimly hang on in Vietnam, for better or for worse.

The intent, as such, is defensible. Neither the US nor its allies can take a military defeat on the Southeast Asian mainland without imperiling the fragile edifices of non-Communist states there and dangerously jeopardizing the major prize in Asia, or perhaps in the world: India. But this legitimate concern has, unfortunately, become confused with the maintenance in power, no matter how high the moral and material price, of the South Vietnamese regime of Ngo Dinh Diem, though the inability of that regime to rally the support of its own armed forces (let alone the urban middle class or the peasantry) is by now unmistakable, something which even some of the "hardnosed" advocates of total victory no longer deny. Undersecretary of State Harriman may believe that Diem's critics are limited to the bourgeoisie in the cities, and that, according to "our surveys," Diem has become the darling of the peasants, but there are not many objective reporters in Saigon who would agree with him. When this myth too is exploded, the fallback line is: "But there is no one else but Ngo Dinh Diem." And with that *ultima ratio*, the argument usually ends, for it is difficult for the non-initiate to come up with a slate of alternate leaders; the debate thus goes to Ngo Dinh Diem by default.

It need not. In Vietnam, as elsewhere, no one is wholly indispensable. Leadership answering to the most exacting standards of professional competence, anti-Communism, and even financial integrity can be found in Saigon today, or among the increasingly large number of Vietnamese exiles throughout the world, from Tokyo to Paris and even Washington – many of whom, in fact, served Ngo Dinh Diem and the Vietnamese Republic for years before they no longer could brook the abuses of the regime. There is, it is true, an iron law of politics that exiles, after a given number of years, are so out of

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touch with local affairs that they can never return as leaders. The pertinence of the question, "Who knows him in Vietnam? What kind of following has he got?" can be fully conceded. Therefore, let us look briefly at a few Vietnamese who are at present *inside* South Vietnam. Needless to say, some have long been in jail; others have been in and out, at a rhythm approximating their being mentioned in the foreign press. But they are there; they are not exiles.

First there is Phan Quang Dan, leader of the Vietnamese Democratic Party. He worked during World War II with the US Office of Strategic Services. When the Viet Minh Communists rose to power, he went into exile in the US and got, in addition to his Hanoi University MD degree, a Master of Public Health and PhD degree in Public Health from Harvard. While here, he supported Diem and published anti-French nationalist articles. He returned to Vietnam after it became a Republic, ran as an opposition candidate in the 1959 legislative elections, was elected in Saigon in spite of official harrassment of all sorts, with a 35,000-vote majority over the government-sponsored candidate. When he tried to take his seat as the lone non-"rubber stamp" legislator out of a total of 123, he was "disqualified" and indicted for "vote fraud"! Allegedly involved in the abortive November, 1960, paratroop rebellion against Diem, he has been in jail ever since, without formal charges or indictment. Though reported dead several times, he is still alive, in the infamous island prison of Poulo Condore in the South China Sea.

Second, there is Nguyen The Truyen, a chemical engineer. He is an old-line nationalist leader who sued the French colonial government before France's highest tribunal in 1937 for having been deprived of his civic rights by a French colonial official. He broke with Ho Chi Minh, went to South Vietnam and ran as the vice presidential opposition candidate in the rigged 1961 presidential elections. In Saigon, the only place in Vietnam where the presence of foreign journalists insured the opposition some voice, he got almost 35 percent of the city's vote.

Then there is Tran Van Do, an MD reserve colonel in Vietnam's Army medical services. As Foreign Minister in Ngo Dinh Diem's first cabinet, he refused to sign the 1954 Geneva cease-fire agreement which split his country in two. He resigned from Diem's cabinet in 1956. He is a brother of Diem's Ambassador to Washington. Tran Van Do has been arrested several times, but at the moment is reported to be at liberty.

The possibilities do not end with these three. On April 26, 1960, 18 well-known South Vietnamese personalities signed a manifesto (which landed most of them in prison) in which they warned Diem of impending unrest if the country's policies were not liberalized. Six months later, Diem's best-trained (American-trained) paratroops rebelled, and less than two years later, two of his own aircraft bombed his palace. Those 18 signers of the manifesto are highly respectable leaders, almost all former cabinet ministers; all are anti-Communist; none is in exile; they are available.

There are alternatives to going down with Diem.

Fair Shares

Hopefully, more than 60 million Americans will have made by April 15 their final reckoning this year with the federal income tax collector. The average tax rate is slightly over 10 percent: personal incomes were $440 billion in 1962, and the personal tax bill is $46 billion.

The proper distribution of this burden is always arguable. Way down at the bottom, 10 million people who file returns pay no income tax because there is too little left after exemptions and deductions have been taken; most of these people have annual incomes of less than $5,000. Over 50 percent of personal income tax receipts will come from the 60 percent of taxpayers whose incomes are below $10,000.

Much is heard about "confiscatory" rates inflicted on the very wealthy. That is the theory. According to the tax schedules a married man with one dependent and an income of $100,000 a year would be subject to a tax of 60 percent (leaving an after-tax income of $40,000); with an income of $300,000 a year the tax would be 78 percent. But somehow it rarely works out this way. On the average, taxpayers in the $100,000 bracket pay a rate which figures out to less than 40 percent (leaving an after-tax income of $60,000); those in the $300,000 bracket, about 45 percent. The tax structure is progressive, but actual tax progression is greatly watered down by special concessions. Thus, capital gains are taxed at lower rates than income from wages and salaries; interest earned on state and local government securities is tax free; some dividend income remains free of the tax. The owners of oil and gas wells, and of 102 other mineral properties, benefit from depletion allowance.

Not everyone in a high bracket can take advantage of these opportunities, but for every Floyd Patterson who tends to bring up the average because so much of his income is wages and salaries, someone else in the same income group pays less than the average. In 1962, quite a few Americans with incomes over $1 million each paid no tax at all; all their income went to charitable contributions.

Even the progression from the tax of 10 percent on an income of $5,000, 20 percent on an income of $40,000, and 40 percent on an income of $100,000 overstates the share of the tax burden on high earners.

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The expense account benefits – the safaris and yachts, the Bar Association meetings in London – represent real incomes which are not subject to tax. And indirect taxes – alcohol and tobacco excises, sales taxes on TV sets and autos – take a larger portion of lower incomes than of higher incomes.

The personal income tax structure should be simplified and revised; the discrepancy between scheduled rates and effective rates should be reduced and the inequities within each income class diminished. But the reforms so far proposed by the Administration for Congressional approval would do very little to accomplish these objectives. That's another reason why tax reform should be postponed and not allowed to slow up enactment of a substantial and quick-acting tax cut in 1963.

The Rescue Squad

If anything can dispel the illusion of competence of the Democratic leadership in the House of Representatives, what happened last week to the Administration's request for funds to continue an anti-recession program authorized last year should do it. In 1962, slightly less than half the money scheduled for anti-recession spending was appropriated, $400 million. These funds are entirely committed. To continue the program through the present fiscal year a further appropriation of $500 million was requested, an amount that falls far short of the need: Applications from communities seeking assistance to finance local public works projects in areas of high unemployment have mounted to $1.5 billion.

Nevertheless, the House Appropriations Committee, apparently catching the Democratic leadership by surprise, knocked down the entire appropriation by a vote of 22-19, thus throwing upon the President's supporters the task of overriding the Committee on the floor. They did their job handsomely, once all the alarms were sounded, but at a discount of 10 percent. The Administration will have to accept $450 million.

The episode throws a revealing light on the composition and management of the House. All but 33 Democrats voted for the bill, and every one of these opponents but one represents a district south of the Mason and Dixon Line. All but 20 Republicans voted "no," 18 of them from northern and two from border states.

In the upshot, the President and his Congressional allies managed to snatch victory from defeat. It was exhilarating to the spectators, but wearing on the actors in the legislative drama. Too many such performances lead to annoyance over last-minute prodding; Congressmen on whose votes the Administration should be able to depend turn stubborn and refuse to budge. If the President cannot rely on the leaders of his own majority party to manage the business of the Congress more effectively than this, he is in for one emergency rescue operation after another.

Big Steel

Whether or not other companies follow suit and make Wheeling Steel Corporation's price increase stick, the action of the nation's eleventh largest producer was popular within the industry, as was President Kennedy's accommodating statement that selective price rises "are not incompatible with a framework of general stability." Steel leaders have long insisted that a boost in prices, which have remained practically level for nearly five years, is needed to offset mounting production costs. 1962 profits, they point out, fell to four percent of sales, the lowest level since 1948. Numerous companies, including the three largest, had to cut dividends last year. Without greater earnings, they further contend, the industry will be hard pressed for the capital outlays needed to make their plants competitive with those of foreign producers.

But the Wheeling decision again shows that the entire industry has not learned a prime economic lesson. That lesson is that the best way to prosper in a relatively free enterprise economy is to sell at the lowest possible cost, thereby broadening markets and expanding sales. Steel has operated on a contrary assumption: Thomas Tatton, president of Republic Steel Corporation, admitted to the Kefauver Subcommittee last year that historically, the industry has sought to sell at the highest possible price.

It seems a paradox that this industry, which limped along at little better than 60 percent of capacity in 1962, should seek to meet competition by raising prices at the very time it has been virtually pricing itself out of the foreign market and when it is losing an increasing proportion of domestic sales to foreign producers and supplies of competing materials, such as plastic, aluminum, glass and paper.

As for pleas of poverty and rising costs, until the industry is more willing to furnish documentation, these must be regarded with extreme skepticism. Profits are down to be sure, largely as a result of low capacity operations. But these profits are probably understated because of the large cash flow generated by depreciation charges from plant overexpansion in the mid-1950's. The industry's plans to raise capital outlays by 14 percent this year hardly bear out the claim of poverty.

There is some doubt also that producing costs have risen appreciably. The allegation of soaring hourly employment costs is meaningless. Because of increased productivity, the cost of labor per ton of finished steel

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has shown a decline of about one percent since 1958. And there is some evidence that prices of materials such as coking, coal and iron ore have actually slipped some in the past five years.

Strikes and the Public

Before the President could officially open the baseball season last week, tossing the first pitch in the game between the Baltimore Orioles and the Washington Senators, pinch-hitter Willard Wirtz had to persuade striking food-and-drink vendors at the Washington, D. C. stadium to call off the pickets. The game then went on, as did arguments throughout the country over whether labor has "got out of hand." Do the recent New York and Cleveland newspaper strikes, the dock strike and the prospect of a nationwide railroad walkout show that the "public interest" needs better protection from labor-management disputes?

When we say the "public interest" is being harmed by a strike, we usually mean that when my economic choices become restricted by your fight with your boss, then I am damaged. But public clamor occurs only when the damage is far-reaching, as when a steel strike lasts long enough to seriously affect auto production.

Appointing some official to poll the public on whether the number of people injured by a strike is high enough to warrant public intervention is impractical. What other alternatives are there? Some Congressmen have talked about selective strike controls in key industries such as ship loading and unloading, railroads, newspapers. But any definition of "key" industries is highly arbitrary, and still leaves us in a quandary about "non-key" industries.

Banning all strikes is intolerable. It would curtail not only the workers' right to refuse to work under unsatisfactory conditions, but also deny them the most effective weapon they have to improve working conditions. Compulsory arbitration in effect rules out collective bargaining. If an arbitrator is ready to step in at the first sign of impasse, it would be difficult for the two sides ever to meet in good faith. The sound strategy for unions in such a situation would be to set very high demands without regard to practical consequences, letting the arbitrator choose some compromise – and not necessarily a sensible one. Must we then simply learn to live with these unpleasant, sometimes critically harmful stoppages? Not necessarily.

There have been several new approaches to collective bargaining which give promise of more satisfactory results for labor, management *and* the public. One such is the union-management joint working committee which meets periodically throughout the year to discuss wages, profits, productivity, and modernization. The Human Relations Committee of the steel industry, on which union and management representatives sit, is such a device, and Walter Reuther has recently suggested that a similar pre-bargaining committee be set up within the auto industry. There is a vast difference between meeting in battle dress at the bargaining table once each year or two, and getting together weekly and slowly developing and analyzing new ideas and new requests. Working committees like these have sometimes included third parties from the academic, legal, or business world. The Kaiser-United Steelworkers committee which drew up an imaginative new agreement on sharing productivity gains had on it three outside labor experts, as well as union and management representatives.

Another approach which has come into vogue is the introduction at a critical moment of a high public official. Former Secretary of Labor Goldberg was famous for his dramatic appearances when negotiations seemed hopeless. This *ad hoc* intervention has brought howls of despair from unions and businessmen who feel that it undercuts the normal process of private bargaining, but where all else fails *someone* must step in.

There are involved in this whole question of how to handle strikes some very subtle issues which have not had much fresh thought. Take the relation between wage rates and technological progress. If productivity goes up, workers claim that most of the gains should go to them; managers claim the gains are due to new technology introduced by management. Who is to determine the facts?

This question becomes more significant when we look at our national wages policy. The Council of Economic Advisers, in its 1962 Economic Report, and again this year, sets up guideposts for evaluating wage decisions: "The general guide for wages is that the rate of increase in wages (including fringe benefits) in each industry be equal to the trend rate of over-all productivity increase." However, what if all real gains in productivity in a certain situation come from management innovations? Should labor benefit? How much? Or consider industries where wages are very high, relative to total production costs and relative to other industries – shouldn't there be some redistribution of the gains to workers elsewhere, through lower prices for the goods, with relatively small gains going to the relatively highly paid workers? Such questions of equity have to be settled arbitrarily, at least for the time being, and the Council of Economic Advisers' guidelines are sensibly arbitrary – but they draw fire from everyone who feels he is getting less than his proper share of productivity increases.

The Council also draws fire from those who still believe that the government has no business interfering at all in these essentially private matters. Yet the

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effect of wage rates on our none-too-buoyant economy – on employment, on prices, on the balance of payments – is basic. If we do not want the Council of Economic Advisers to suggest guidelines, then who? Nothing prevents us, of course, from having a number of guidelines. The AFL-CIO could draw up its own. Individual unions in major industries could set guidelines for their own members' negotiations. Even the NAM might decide to suggest some standards for negotiation, and out of it all we might get some kind of national consensus on what reasonable standards are.

Thus far, most business managers have shown no more intelligence in these matters than the most irresponsible union leaders. (In New York, the typographers' demands did not seem to me so wild, compared to conditions of work elsewhere, as to warrant the extreme obduracy of the newspaper publishers.) Bold new ideas could come from labor and management, as in the case of the Kaiser-United Steelworkers agreement, but when the ideas are not forthcoming from that source, then other ways will have to be found to bring third party costs home to recalcitrant negotiators.

Harald Malmgren

College Entrance Exams

Slightly under half the students graduating from high school this year will take the College Entrance Examination Board's "Scholastic Aptitude Test." Although no exact statistics are available, only a small fraction of these students are likely to be rejected by the college of their choice. But others will have been dissuaded even from applying by high school counselors who, having looked at the student's score on the "Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test" (taken in the 11th grade) think he has almost no chance of making his preferred college; together, the dissuaded and the rejected make up a sizable and vocal group – or at least their parents do. In many cases their disgruntlement is concentrated on the three-hour multiple choice exams, known familiarly as the SAT.

The annual report of the Educational Testing Service, largely devoted this year to a discussion of the SAT, suggests why these rejects may be disgruntled. The SAT, it appears, is not an accurate predictor of college grades. Depending on the college, the statisticians say, the average correlation between SAT scores and grades that are subsequently achieved varies from 0.6 to 0.4. Such results are regarded as very impressive in the testing trade, but they don't look good to the student who thinks he was turned down by Cal-Tech because of his score.

The fact is that very few students are rejected primarily because they do badly on the SAT test. Colleges know that it takes more than "aptitude," whatever that may be, to breed a Phi Beta Kappa student, and that the best indicator of things to come is the high school record, which they almost always weigh more heavily than the SAT score. They have also discovered that there are some bright students who find high school so dull they don't work; some of these can be identified with the help of the SAT, though it cannot answer the question whether such students, if admitted to college, will find it more exciting than high school and work harder. There are other students who have a good record in a mediocre high school; the admissions office in a good college will want to know how they will do in a more competitive atmosphere. If they do badly on the SAT they are likely to be rejected.

Many critics have always been convinced that the high school record ought to be supplemented with interviews, recommendations, essay exams, achievement tests, systematic evaluation of secondary schools, and not just the SAT. In most instances, all these data *are* collected before a final judgment is reached, but none has proved as helpful as the SAT; it is easier for a student to fool an interviewer than an IBM machine.

Although the SAT may be indispensable, should it not be revised? "No doubt," its defenders always reply, "but how?" It has been charged, for example, that by making so much appear to depend on a brief test, the SAT gives an unfair advantage to those who work well under pressure. This appears to be untrue: scores do not vary significantly when the test is given solely for practice. It has also been charged that because the test is unlike most regular school tests, it gives an unfair advantage to those who have practiced for it, or who have had cramming sessions. Practice does help, but on the average it raises one's score only 10 points on a scale which runs from 200 to 800. Cramming adds another 10 points. Taking the test on a "good day," or being "lucky" in one's guessing, may affect a student's score much more, but the test has what statisticians call a "standard deviation" of only 30 points.

Despite all this evidence, skepticism persists. Many of the questions are said to be ambiguous, penalizing bright students who think of less obvious answers. The use of multiple-choice exams is said to place undue emphasis on analytic ability and not enough on creative and synthesizing gifts. And yet the SAT works just as well in helping to distinguish between prospective A and B students as in helping to distinguish between D and F students. Likewise, despite complaints that the emphasis on vocabulary biases the SAT against rural and slum children, it seems to work as well for predicting their college grades as for suburbanites'.

Whatever its apparent utility, however, the SAT is not beyond reproach. The reproach, it seems to me, is that the Educational Testing Service has always ac-

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cepted the colleges' axiom that profiting from college and doing well on college exams are the same thing. Nobody, so far as I have been able to discover, has tried to correlate SAT scores with anything more significant than college grades. What is their correlation with graduate school grades? More pertinent, what is their correlation with adult achievement? Many of the pupils whose scores are filed away with ETS are now in their forties and fifties; it would be interesting to know what connection, if any, there is between their SAT score in the twenties and thirties and their later careers. Finally, are the students who get good grades in college the ones who change the most there? Or are they the students who would be the same no matter where they went to college? If the latter is the case, perhaps there is no reason to give them preference in the competition for elite schools.

CHRISTOPHER JENCKS

How Now, Brown Cow?

Contamination by fallout from nuclear tests can be measured most easily by examining the single food product that is sold everywhere within a day or two after it is produced, fresh fluid milk. If any radioactive strontium or iodine or the other deadly intruders of this atomic age sift out of the atmosphere they will fall on pastures somewhere and the traces are bound to turn up in baby's bottle.

One of the ways consumers avoid this danger is to lay in supplies of canned milk. It's fine for infants, but few adults can stand it as a steady diet. Another quirk of grownups in this affluent and apprehensive society is a fear of fat. Doctors and the life insurance companies have warned that obesity is the deadliest sin. Besides, milk fat in any form contains substantial amounts of cholesterol, a spook substance once firmly associated as the probable causative agent of the occupational disease of the nervous American male, coronary thrombosis. Second thoughts on this relationship by a committee of the American Medical Association last year have not entirely overcome the aversion to dairy products containing butterfat.

But the current fashion for slenderness probably has hurt dairymen more than anything else. And when milk consumption declines for whatever reason, Federal price support costs go up in like proportion. Since the Department of Agriculture does not support the price of fluid milk, the most expensive form, through direct purchasing operations, farmers must take what the Department is willing to pay for it in the form of powdered milk, butter and cheese. They are now dissatisfied and the government is dissatisfied too because, despite the discount below the fresh milk price at which these dairy products are bought, such is the tide of milk pouring out of the dairies across the nation that USDA acquisitions are running at the rate of $500 million a year. So much butter is backed up in the warehouses that much of it is being turned (at additional cost) into an inferior product, butter oil, in order to keep it from spoiling.

The average commercial dairymen in the US is a miraculous producer. He has reduced his herds to the smallest number recorded since national cow counting began early in this century and still he produces more. And there are fewer dairymen too. The average farmer in this business near a metropolitan consuming area or milkshed has about 50 cows in production, and half that number of younger animals in reserve to take their places; he is also likely to have more than 150 acres of land and a good deal of fairly expensive plant and machinery. One full-grown man can handle this type of operation with some family labor – and the whole thing is worth between $125,000 and $135,000.

He has to work more systematically than other farmers. He can take an afternoon off, but no more, on any of the seven days of the week. On the other hand, he is certain of an income. So long as cows are fed, they produce. The price he gets for the product may be wrong in his judgment, but the number of cows he keeps has been adjusted to the amount of land and plant on the farm. He can't cut his herd *economically* without cutting off a bit of the farm too. Those who ask him to reduce production, ask him to reduce the size of his business. He resents such talk, and the politicians who represent him soon hear from him.

The Administration has now come up with a plan for fitting the dairy farmer himself to the facts of life in the affluent but apprehensive society in which some buy milk in cheaper forms for fear of atomic contamination, and others avoid it altogether for fear of growing fat. It proposes to pay dairymen about $2 a hundred pounds (or roughly two cents a pint) for milk they do not produce. Such action would reduce the government's cost of supporting dairy products to about $325 million yearly and at the same time, the Department says, increase the incomes of dairy farmers by about five percent. The dairymen are quarreling among themselves over this proposal because some have larger operations and earn more money than others. Smaller operators naturally feel that the bigger dairymen ought to be cut down more than themselves.

This is the usual course of agricultural legislation. The farmers bicker over it and as little as possible is done. City consumers pay the price for this inaction through the high cost of fluid milk, the high cost of the full support program, and the heavy expense of warehousing the surplus dairy products.

ASHER BRYNES

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"Bustling" Birmingham

"The image of Birmingham and Alabama is that of reaction, rebellion and riot. . ." a business leader said on the eve of Birmingham's special mayoralty election last March 5. The following day, the voters agreed it was time for a change. Two old-line leaders, City Commissioners Eugene ("Bull") Connor and J. T. Waggoner, together received only a third of the votes for mayor. The rest went to two candidates who spoke of keeping the schools open, with or without integration, and of preserving order. Then, in a run-off on April 2, 51,378 voters (a record number, since there are only about 68,000 registered voters in this city of 375,000) turned out to reject Connor, the tough-talking Commissioner of Police and Education. The winner, by 8,000 votes, was former Lt. Governor Alfred Boutwell, a quiet, almost painfully undramatic man, pledged to segregation (he is the author of Alabama's pupil placement law), but regarded as a moderate leader in a crisis. The next day the front page of the *Birmingham News* sparkled with a color drawing of the sun rising over the city, and a caption "New Day Dawns for Birmingham."

When and if Boutwell takes office April 15 (the election is being contested in the courts by the Connor forces), he will have plenty of problems on his hands. Negro leaders, including Martin Luther King of Atlanta, have begun a long-planned campaign of sit-ins and picketing, described by the retiring Mayor, Arthur Hanes, as "Communism in its purest form." On April 6, 42 participants in a peaceful "walk" to the City Hall were jailed – all of which is painful to business leaders who have been working to publicize "the true image of a bustling greater Birmingham."

That a brighter image is needed has long been evident. Birmingham has had bombings of Negro churches and homes; it has had a fiery mob reprisal against Freedom Riders; it has observed its city officials strike at Negro surplus food allotments and a Negro college fund drive; it has seen the loss of cultural events, jobs and downtown business. What all this has cost has become apparent to different people at different times. Baseball fans saw it when the Birmingham Barons dropped out of the integrated Southern Association because Alabama would not permit Negroes and whites to play together. Golfers were given an object lesson when four golf courses, 67 parks and 38 playgrounds were closed because of court orders not to discriminate. Music lovers saw the light when the Metropolitan Opera, an annual visitor, announced it would not come back to Birmingham.

Yet the city took these cultural and athletic deprivations in stride until business and the schools were threatened. A steel mill city already suffering from unemployment because of automation, Birmingham found its payrolls slipping, prospective new industry frightened away by the racial turmoil, downtown business stagnating. (A Negro boycott has hurt retail stores badly.) While other Southern cities were showing strong percentage gains in retail sales in 1962 compared with 1961, Birmingham had a loss.

"You ain't gaining much altitude holding me down."

A year or so ago hardly anyone imagined that the "hard-line" segregationist city administration would not be secure until 1965; it had commanded support from newspapers, commercial interests and industrial workers. That is no longer the case. "I think there's a lot of sentiment in Birmingham to moderate our thinking, to do things somewhat the way Atlanta does." The statement comes from Harris Saunders Sr., a trucking executive and prominent civic leader.

Reese Cleghorn

Robert Oppenheimer

How shameful is the pleasure with which every other American should have heard that Robert Oppenheimer has been chosen to receive the Fermi Award from the Atomic Energy Commission! It is pleasant to know that the Award was correctly bestowed; but it is shameful to realize that no fair-minded man can regard this pay-

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ment as in the nature of either compensation or gratuity; it is an indemnity, a partial reparation for an irreparable wrong.

Robert Oppenheimer organized the making of the atomic bomb in the years between 1942 and 1945 when this country was fighting for its life. By comparison with the value of that service the Fermi Award of $50,000 is a bagatelle; but the service was not rendered for money, so that is irrelevant. The service was rendered as the duty of a patriot in time of war, and the appropriate compensation for such service is not in coin. It is in public honor and the esteem of a grateful country. For distinguished service Robert Oppenheimer received his reward in obloquy and insult.

Oppenheimer did not refuse to devote his knowledge and skill to development of the hydrogen bomb. He agreed to go along if that development was ordered by higher authority, but he did question its value. In doing so, he questioned the wisdom of those hierophants of the religion of force who were then in places of power. So they plotted his destruction. When repeated investigations, ruthless to the point of brutality, had produced no shred of evidence of treasonable activity on his part, they induced a weak-kneed commission to report that although there was no evidence against the man, yet he was a person of too low a type to be allowed access to confidential information.

In all countries the poisonous jealousies of persons close to the sources of power have resulted in the sacrifice of men of brilliant attainments. But such tragedies as a rule were the work of a murderous despot, or of an oligarchy holding the country in an iron grip. The peculiar infamy of the Oppenheimer case is that a considerable segment of public opinion was poisoned against the man to such an extent that it consented to the outrage. It was an instance in which the American people fell into the unpardonable sin of accepting detraction against evidence, and if a long and honorable career is not accepted as in itself a refutation of slander, then the people's capacity to govern themselves comes into serious question.

At the time of Robert Oppenheimer's ordeal an appalling number of Americans chose to accept the word of Joseph McCarthy against that of the wisest patriots who in the storm of war had demonstrated their intelligence and patriotism over and over again. It is true that McCarthy trapped us by playing on our fears; but when has a demagogue done anything else? Never mind McCarthy. Never mind the Camorra that lay in wait and shot their poisoned arrows at Oppenheimer from ambush. This disgrace is public, not private. It is the people who forgot that an honorable past should be a shield against current slander who should blush when the affair is brought to mind.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

FOREIGN REPORTS

CANADA

Down with a Bump Goes the Dief

★ With 128 sure seats in the House of Commons, Lester Pearson's Liberal Party is six short of establishing a working majority after last week's elections. The tallying of 141,000 Armed Forces votes may give him one or two more – the Army usually votes Liberal – but for the remainder he will need the support of a few New Democrats. This support is expected to be forthcoming, even though the socialist New Democrats were opposed to Pearson's nuclear policies. With the exception of this issue, however, their 17 members without doubt feel more sympathetic to the Liberals than to the Conservatives.

Diefenbaker is through. His party won only 96 seats, a loss of 20; gone are six of his ministers. The Conservatives ran strongest in the Prairies where the Prime Minister had endeared himself to farmers by arranging huge wheat sales to China. But his successes here were minor compared to Liberal inroads in the Eastern provinces and on the West Coast in British Colombia. The traditional Tory stronghold of Toronto fell to the Liberals, and the pattern was repeated in other large metropolitan centers.

Together with the Conservatives, the New Democrat and Social Credit Parties campaigned against the acceptance of US-controlled nuclear warheads. Pearson said simply that Canada must first honor its nuclear commitments. Later, it might negotiate to replace nuclear arms with others "more suitable" to Canada.

The issue of nuclear arms for Canada was the one clear one of the campaign. Pearson is expected to engage in personal diplomacy and promises some sort of "New Frontier" in legislative proposals. He strongly backs Britain's entry into the Common Market and he will undoubtedly try to patch up relations with Britain, badly strained by Diefenbaker. Any attempts he may make to deal with the major domestic problem, that of unemployment, by increasing spending, is likely to bring him up sharply against the International Monetary Fund which last summer lent Canada $300 million to stem an outflow of foreign exchange. Mr. Pearson, however, has promised to try to hold down spending until the nation's monetary position improves.

Diefenbaker has little to gain by trying to continue as a minority Prime Minister. He would only increase the disgruntlement over his policies which already exists within the Conservative Party. If he were not to resign immediately, he would have to be ousted on a vote of no confidence when Parliament meets in May,

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in which case the country either would face the prospect of another election, or the establishment of a coalition government under Mr. Pearson. There is little enthusiasm for the former course.

Mexico

Nailing Up the Back Door

★ The International Airport at Mexico City has been a back door through which Latin American guerrillas, saboteurs and assorted Communist agents could sneak into and out of Cuba via Cubana Airlines, while making believe – for the benefit of the security police back home – that they had simply been sight-seeing in Mexico. Shortly before President Kennedy's visit to Costa Rica where there was considerable interest in such travel, Mexican airport officials for the first time began stamping "Cuba" on the passports of all travelers going to or coming from that country, along with the date of arrival and departure. Photographs were taken of each passenger, and this intelligence information was made available to interested governments. These precautions were not enough for some Latin American countries nor some US Congressmen, and they claimed that passengers could primp for their photographs and then were permitted plenty of time to return to normal appearance before going home. Moreover, passports could be easily counterfeited, and the Peoples' democracies have well-equipped diplomatic establishments in Mexico City. Some governments, such as the one then in power in Guatemala, wanted Mexico to ban all travel between Mexico and Cuba. The Mexican Government suggested that concerned governments mark their passports invalid for travel to Cuba.

Only within the past two weeks has the US begun to stamp its own passports as invalid for travel to Cuba even though it has banned travel for most individuals with the exception of journalists and some businessmen, since 1961. William C. Cramer, a Republican Congressman from Florida, claims 97 Americans traveled illegally to Cuba via Mexico City in one six months' period last year. There has been only one prosecution for illegal travel to Cuba since the ban went into effect, but the Justice Department says it is investigating other cases.

Now Mexico has further stiffened its rules, however, so that no traveler may remain in the country on arrival from Cuba for more than 24 hours and should he stray from the airport, his passport must be left behind. If he fails to comply, he is sent back to Havana.

It remains to be seen whether President Mateos can act so harshly toward Cuba for which he has previously declared his friendship while he must depend on a large and vocal left wing which is strongly pro-Castro.

France

The Big Mirage

★ Looking alarmed and incredulous, Dean Rusk and Lord Home, the British Foreign Secretary, were photographed in Paris last week as they underwent the full treatment of "Operation Charm," President de Gaulle's endeavor to persuade them that whatever has happened or will happen, the French still want to be on the Atlantic team. While Rusk was received by de Gaulle, Lord Home met with M. Couve de Murville, the French Foreign Minister. Since these were the first such discussions since France abruptly rejected both the British bid for membership in the Common Market and the Nassau Pact, they occupied the center of the diplomatic stage, although the ostensible reason for both Rusk and Lord Home being in Paris was a SEATO council meeting. At the SEATO sessions, the French representative, Mr. Pompidou, was surprisingly firm in pledging France's backing for the alliance and her "direct responsibilities" in Southeast Asia. This too was a somewhat unexpected departure.

The talks took place shortly after articles had been published stating that France is incapable of producing her independent *force de frappe* before the late 1970's. These stories, attributed to General Gallois, a close adviser to de Gaulle on nuclear matters, have been denied in Paris. True or not, they reveal no more than many in the West already believed; namely, that by the time Mirage IV, the bomber which is at the heart of the *force*, is in the hands of the French air force, it already will be obsolescent. Moreover, the French face grave problems in developing a hydrogen bomb and the rockets to carry the bomb are still on the drawing boards. But while outsiders may not take de Gaulle's Mirage IV too seriously, the General has pursued its development relentlessly, and last week's friendly exchanges failed to indicate any intention to change his course. Even should France accept US nuclear warheads for weapons carried by two aircraft squadrons in Germany, as seemed likely at this writing, President de Gaulle's determination to establish an independent nuclear force will not be deterred.

Argentina

Sure, You Can Vote

★ The latest revolution in Argentina is one more pitiable reminder of how little political progress has been made there in the last year. In March of 1962 President Frondizi was forcibly deposed for trying to integrate the followers of ex-Dictator Juan Peron into the national life. Now, two comic revolutions later, only three

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months before the elections promised for June 23, the country has crawled back to where it was: The armed forces are still divided and the mass of the people are sunk in enervating resignation.

Any hopes that the survival of President Guido's puppet government would guarantee open and democratic elections were dampened when the Air Force secretary made it clear that his support of Guido should not be taken to mean he would tolerate "the return of Peronism or the installation of any totalitarian regime."

Whether to give the Peronistas the ballot is a tricky question, since they command 30 percent of the vote, dominate the trade unions, and despite the bad odor of the former dictator, the social and industrial reforms of his regime compare favorably with the efforts of the current government. Since the Generals put Frondizi into prison last year, the cost of living has risen by 36 percent and the peso has been devalued in the world market by over 70 percent. Industry has stagnated; unemployment risen, and the state has not been able to pay its contractors or workers.

Elections seemed one way out. A struggle for power within the armed forces last fall saw the more liberal elements prevail, and it appeared that the Peronistas would be allowed, with certain safeguards, to take part in the June 23 elections.

Since then, however, there has been smouldering discontent on the Right, culminating last month in the forced resignation of the Interior Minister, Dr. Rudolfo Martinez, who had been maneuvering to form the kind of national front favored by Frondizi in which Peronistas would be represented but not allowed to dominate. The reactionary forces then rallied behind the retired General Menendez and retired Admiral Rojas, to make their attempt at a *coup d'etat* in early April.

Elections are still promised. The crucial moment will not be on election day itself, but two or three weeks later. Then the armed forces will have to decide whether to accept the probable victory of left-wing groups they disapprove of, or whether to follow the example set by the Peruvian Army on July 18, 1962, when it annulled elections won by Haya de la Torre. Most Argentine politicians have little doubt that the second route will be chosen.

Nasser's German Scientists

Why Has Bonn Been Dragging Its Feet?

Bonn

The West Germans can't decide what ought to be done about their fellow-citizens – some of them unrepentant ex-Nazis – who are helping President Nasser build and equip rocket bases which have only one obvious purpose, bluntly stated by Nasser himself last summer when he said that Egypt already had rockets which could reach "as far as Beirut." That covers the whole, narrow and infinitely vulnerable territory of Israel – with a bit to spare. The Egyptians are not capable of beating Israeli soldiers on the ground, but German scientists could organize a plan to blast Israel to bits with ground-to-ground missiles. The Israelis believe that Nasser is mad enough to try it.

According to the Israelis, there are 30 German rocket specialists in Egypt. According to the West German Government there may be between six and 12 (although unofficially it is admitted that the figure may be as high as 18). These men are scientists, and they are being very highly paid by Nasser. In addition to them, there are, say the Israelis, between 250 and 280 German technicians who are working in Egyptian aircraft factories. The Germans have been prepared to admit that there are up to 400 technicians of German nationality in Egypt, but they are not worried about *them*. Aircraft production is relatively harmless; it could even rank as "development aid."

In addition to the Germans, there are some Austrian and Swiss scientists and technicians working on the same projects for Nasser. Their numbers are not known, and not much effort has been made to finding out, though it is often forgotten that Austria produced some of the most menacing Nazis of all. Nor were Swiss Nazis unknown. But the problem of the Austrians and the Swiss experts is considered minor, because there are so few of them.

How is the West German Government affected by all this? Its first reaction was one of polite semi-withdrawal. It suggested that there might be some German technicians in Egypt, but there was nothing the government could do about it. That was on March 20 and

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21. On March 22 a Federal Government spokesman agreed that the government would disapprove of Germans working abroad whose work increased international tension. The spokesman cited the dismissal last year, because he was working for Egypt, of Professor Eugen Saenger from his post as head of the state-supported Institute of Jet-Propulsion.

On March 25 the same spokesman was ready to go further. He said the government had ordered a full-scale inquiry, demanded by Konrad Adenauer from his holiday resort on the shores of Lake Como. The inquiry was intended to establish what the German scientists were doing in Egypt. But it was also to indicate what could be done about it by Bonn. Representatives of five West German Ministries met on March 26 to consider the problem. A useful additional incentive was given by the return from Washington of Heinrich von Brentano, the former Foreign Minister. Brentano had been alarmed by the depth of feeling which he had encountered in America. He suggested that too "neutral" an attitude might be regarded by the outside world as a failure to discharge Germany's moral obligations to the Jewish people.

The Federal Government accordingly began to examine the possibilities of taking action against its expatriates in Egypt. Article 26 of the Federal Constitution lays down that German citizens must not, when abroad, participate in activities which could promote destruction and war, but the Article does not explain what should be done about such citizens. (The answer is that Bonn could confiscate their passports; or it could bar them from all state employment forevermore – the scientists must look primarily to state-run, or semi-state-run organizations for the best terms of employment; or it could simply issue a straight statement, calling these black, or off-brown, sheep home.)

Two weeks went by with no action whatever. Adenauer was away on vacation. Erhard uttered not a word. Foreign Minister Schroeder, a contender to succeed Adenauer in October, tried to avoid burning his fingers.

Perhaps it is unfair to blame Adenauer's Cabinet too much, for the Cabinet is at the moment hamstrung by the application, in reverse, of the so-called "Hallstein doctrine." That doctrine asserts that the Federal Republic will break off diplomatic relations with any country which recognizes the East German Republic. In the case of Israel, the Federal Republic will not establish diplomatic relations with her for fear that the Arab nations would then set up embassies in East Berlin. On March 20 the West German government voluntarily – almost cretinously, one might say – informed the embassies of Arab countries in Bonn that it did not intend to seek normal relations with Israel.

The Bonn Government – and there should be no mistake about this – is in a position to get half or at least a third of the German scientists home. The ex-Nazis will probably not be moved by any appeal, or even by threats. But they are a minority in Cairo. Many of the others can be brought to their senses. If the Federal Government does not make at least an honest effort to do this, it will bear a responsibility for what happens afterward.

In addition, the Bonn Government can – at long last and after hesitations which reflect no credit on it – establish normal relations with Israel. The emphasis should be on the word "normal." Whatever risk might be involved *vis-à-vis* the Arab world must be taken in its stride; the Federal Government will have support of the Western world if it does so.

The establishment of normal relations between Western Germany and Israel is, however, only a first step. Nasser's refusal to respect the *status quo* in the Middle East should by now have underlined the crying need for a binding security pact for that area. In the meantime, the West Germans can tell Messerschmitt and the rest of Nasser's hirelings that they would be better engaged in working for the Western Alliance, which needs their brains and would pay them just as well as they are now being paid by Egypt.

Terence Prittie

How Worried Are the Israelis?

Tel-Aviv

Every tourist advertisement says that Israel is "the newest and the oldest country." There is something in it. The gap *is* wide between the people who work in the factories, dig irrigation ditches, speculate with land and orange groves, import cars and export rain coats, learn at schools, serve in the army, line up for cinema tickets, dance the twist – and "official" Israel which one meets in the Knesset (parliament), in government, in opposition party rallies. Israel is forever new, but the official establishment is forever the same; it is still run by people who, 30 or 40 years ago, here or in the small towns of Central or Eastern Europe, were in politics

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and who are unable now to realize that the old realities have become mere shadows.

One is delighted to find that this is still a country of the youngest generals (and young millionaires), that there are new people on the stage, in newspaper offices, in factories and in business. But can a country which has not changed its rulers for decades, where no party chief is ever replaced, where no leader ever resigns but dies in office, where one moves ahead politically according to the inexorable law of seniority, still be called a young country? One result of this division between the anachronistic "legal country" and the dynamic "real country" is the strange contrast between the nervousness and the doubts so often displayed by the old leaders and the self-assurance, the quiet optimism of the people.

In the small hall of the parliament in Jerusalem there is always an atmosphere of crisis, though most of these crises don't materialize. Angry debates and non-confidence votes take place almost every week. One day there is panic over a new plan devised by the State Department in Washington, whose Middle East experts have suddenly concluded that the moment is opportune to settle the perennial problem of Arab refugees and that Israel must take some of them. Then there is tremor of concern because some official said something about Germany. On another occasion a crisis threatens over whether food served on national airlines or ships will be "kosher." But the real Israel remains unimpressed, knowing that whoever may propose whatever, the country can't accept any significant number of the refugees, having so little land and even less water to irrigate it. And that anyhow there is no reason to get angry because Americans of good will and little practical experience think that they can succeed where others have failed so often before.

People also keep calm when a *coup d'etat* occurs in some neighboring Arab country and the press reports "Israel on the alert." While the world accepts each new pronouncement on Arab unity as proof of Nasser's growing strength, the Israelis recall Nasser once made a deal with the King of Saudia Arabia and with the Imam of Yemen, and then too there were people who proclaimed that "Nasser's shadow covers the whole Middle East." When Kassem took power in 1958, some said *that* was a decisive victory for Nasser. Well, as recent events in Baghdad and Damascus suggest these "victories" and "unions" are ephemeral things. The Israelis reason that while every opposition group in any Arab country thinks it worthwhile to assert its kinship with Nasser, when it wins power the passion to identify with Cairo seems to cool. Why should Iraqi or Syrian officers, the merchants, the young intellectuals, once in power, be willing to submit to dim their prospect of raising the living standard of their people to save from starvation 26 million Egyptians, who increase a half million each year?

It would probably require a Nasserist coup in Jordan to convince the Israelis that this time "it is serious." Nasser's control of Egypt and Syria does not frighten them, at least not as long as Nasser is without nuclear weapons. But a Nasser regime in Jordan, with which Israel has an indefensible, long frontier with unlimited opportunities for infiltration and sabotage – that would be another matter. The Israelis are fully conscious that it might not be so easy to implement the warning Ben-Gurion has uttered so many times, that any change in the *status quo* in Jordan would justify Israeli intervention. Jordan's future is the $64 question; each night as he goes to bed, each Israeli knows that next morning he may be called on to respond to the announcement over Radio Amman that King Hussein has been assassinated and a pro-Nasser regime has taken over.

The other fear is, of course, Nasser's rockets and the Germans who help develop and produce them. Even when the Israelis hear foreign diplomats argue that after all what Nasser has are basically the V-2 rockets developed for Hitler by Werner von Braun, father of the US Jupiter and the Saturn missiles, or that these Egyptian rockets, while of longer range than Hitler's, still are very inaccurate, they answer that in a few years Nasser will have several hundred of such rockets in stock and that then he may start firing them on Tel Aviv. He may not win that war, but he would kill thousands of women and children. No country is willing to accept that risk.

It is this strong conviction that Israel cannot sit passively by while its enemies feverishly increase their offensive potential which has led to Israel's effort to become a nuclear power. This is no longer a secret. When one drives through the Negev desert, from Beersheba to the Dead Sea, suddenly on the horizon, shining in the sun, there appear tall silver cupolas. Around them many miles of desert are fenced off. What is this atomic effort? A wasteful enterprise, claim some, which has already cost more than $100 million and which will bring Israel nothing but the ill will of the super-powers, the US and Russia, both interested in preventing the proliferation of atomic weapons. And even if Israel succeeds in developing its atomic bomb, ask the opponents, where and when will it use it? Certainly it will not drop it first. And if the other side gets the bomb too and drops it first on Israel, this tiny country won't be able to strike back. But the partisans of Israel's entry into the atomic age argue that it is unrealistic to expect the "atom to stay out of the Middle East" and that Israel can't risk being left behind. Only the future will tell, these people say, whether Israel will have to devote the installations it is now building to military or to peaceful purposes.

Philip Ben

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ROY COHN

The Waters of Babylon

by Murray Kempton

Ten years ago this month – so gnaws the worm of time – Roy M. Cohn and G. David Schine embarked on their inspection of our overseas posts. Then they were plenipotentiaries of Joseph R. McCarthy, a sovereign power, and they were preceded by a message from Secretary of State Dulles abjuring the supra-normal courtesies that ambassadors must render ambassadors. Roy was then 26 years old, Alexander's age when the Egyptian priests pronounced him the Living God.

Secretary Dulles is now, of course, instructing the angels and Senator McCarthy is amusing them. David Schine has claimed his inheritance in the family hotels. Only Roy Cohn survives that swarm-haunted world whose every other visible embodiment has departed. He counts at $2 million the rewards of eight years of feverish engagement with finance. Saxe, Bacon and O'Shea, his law firm, has grown to 30 lawyers from six since Roy returned to private practice.

When the Justice Department dissolved the Music Corporation of America, Saxe, Bacon acquired MCA's former Madison Avenue offices, a wonderful complex of wormy brown wood and grandfather clocks. One finds Roy Cohn there coatless; he seems born somehow to sit uneasy in the ruins of empire.

He does not have a large office; he has shunted off to an anteroom the set of his fingerprints his friend J. Edgar Hoover mounted for him and the plaques brought home from dinners during his period of patriotic struggle. His desk's only reminder of Roy Cohn in the past or present tense is the model Santa Fe train which may be his most tangible acquisition as chairman of the Board of the Lionel Corporation.

The telephone rings; an associate is asking his approval of an affidavit in a suit. It seems to Roy Cohn to lack the necessary juices. "Make it," he says, "a little dirty. You can attribute the dirtiness to me." He must conceive it as a special armor for strangers to think that he will stop at nothing. Yet, when he pronounces these words which define his public image, his mouth winces at its right corner; a sentimental observer might think it a comment of self-disgust.

What abides in one's memory of the life he led a decade ago with Joe McCarthy was their mutual distrust; most of the time neither seemed capable of surprise at any perfidy of the other. Roy Cohn has come closest to that disorderly world in his part as a promoter of Floyd Patterson's last two championship fights with Ingemar Johansson, and his first with Sonny Liston.

Boxing lives, of course, and explains all existence by the doctrine of universal conspiracy. Cohn's first partner as a fight promoter was William Fugazy, a sportsman and a Knight of Malta. After Patterson won their second fight in Miami, Julius November, Patterson's lawyer, accused Fugazy of having bet on Johansson. There is no evidence that this imputation of partiality was true; Fugazy denies it on his knight's honor.

"I don't care," says Patterson's lawyer. "I was there. Johansson knocked Patterson down in the first round. I looked at Fugazy. He was beaming."

Wherever Roy Cohn goes, he can never quite escape a world where, in moments of crisis, men turn their eyes upon their partner with suspicion.

Fugazy and Cohn made a majestic entrance into boxing. They seemed rich, they were fresh from the blessing of Cardinal Spellman, and Cohn had one of those notorious names which evoke in Broadway the sense that it has learned at last where true power lies.

But now Fugazy has departed, announcing that he was too virtuous for this environment, an announcement customary from investors who make less than their sense of moral worth has taught them to expect.

"These people were terrible," says Cus D'Amato, Floyd Patterson's manager. "They brought Wall Street into boxing."

The second Patterson-Johansson fight, after all the talk of ancillary millions and Scandinavian perpetuities, returned a profit of only $9,000. One of their partners sued Cohn and Fugazy for profligacy in administration; the settlement of that complaint could hardly have been less than what profit was left. The Internal Revenue Service seized all the receipts from the Patterson-Liston fight in a quarrel over taxes. Still Roy Cohn insists that the fights have made them all a lot of money.

Saxe, Bacon and O'Shea did collect $70,000 in legal fees from the first two Patterson fights. Boxing may

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seem worth all Roy's trouble not because it is so profitable but because it is so intricately and lastingly litigious. Fugazy and Cohn remain tied only by the bond of Cohn's retainer as plaintiff's counsel in a suit by Fugazy against a Luce magazine for printing an unvarnished D'Amato estimate of his character and capacity. This action appears to be William Fugazy's main hope of lasting profit from his entire experience with the business of boxing.

"The thing to be these days," says Roy Cohn, "is a plaintiff in a libel suit."

There must once have been a Roy Cohn who was a boy and who read *Bleak House* as other boys read Rider Haggard, computing in his mind the exact counsel fee from each of the law's delays, carried back to that lost and better time when there were cases like *Javis* v *Jarvis* as there were mines like King Solomon's.

Now that he is grown, what is substantial to him is not property, but the collection of his army of young lawyers; he must go to the corporate wars not to gain property but to employ these troops who are fed from corporate litigation costs as older mercenaries were from the land.

Nothing in the public history of Roy's investments would encourage faith in his estimate of a fortune of $2 million. Championship Sport has never approached the expansive metaphor of its prospects. A few years ago, Roy Cohn put together Tower Universal Corporation, a paper structure of small loan companies and travel agencies. In October, 1961, Tower Universal was quoted as $11.50 a share; it was below $5 when Roy Cohn disposed of his 55,000 shares, confessing himself "disappointed in its performance."

The Lionel Corporation was Roy's single venture in productive enterprise. Lionel was a small immobilized family business when his syndicate acquired it in 1959. Roy came to finance as an outsider; with Lionel, there began the usual talk of the older resident that Cohn was a fast mover and a takeover artist.

"To these people," he says, "a takeover artist is anyone who hasn't come to control by inheritance. But he is what they need; these businesses are stagnant."

Recruiting for Lionel

He moved at once to awaken Lionel by making it the controlling center of a net of electronic companies. General John Medaris came in as president; there was talk that Werner Von Braun would follow; Lionel celebrated its enlistment into the industrial military complex by introducing a toy freight car conveying a model Atlas missile. The late George Sokolsky became a director. The name of Eli Boyer, accountant for Moe Dalitz, the Cosimo De Medici of the Las Vegas house banks, appeared on the roster of Cohn's purchasing group. The notion that generals are uniformly competent as executives, that columnists have foresight, that bookmakers need investment judgment – all the illusions that Roy Cohn shares with other innocent Americans – combined to drive Lionel's stock up to $31 a share.

But Von Braun never arrived; General Medaris wandered away after the excrutiating experience of cross examination at a minority stockholder's suit. At least one of the venerable and respectable electronics companies Lionel acquired seems to have shockingly overvalued its assets; the others did not prosper. Stagnant, Lionel lost $600,000 the year before Roy Cohn's accession. Live and vibrant, it lost $2.5 million in 1961. *The Wall Street Journal* drew "an admission of substantial losses in 1962." The stock is now selling at $5.50 a share, barely a sixth of its 1961 level.

Roy Cohn's salary for these achievements was small; but over the last five years, Saxe, Bacon is estimated to have earned $300,000 in legal fees.

"I sit on boards. If you lived in a world of investment bankers – if you chose to live in such a world – every ten minutes, you'd hear somebody say, 'What will so-and-so think?' Well, the one thing I have is guts."

"Our one great problem in business is personnel."

One of Cohn's solutions to that problem was to bring a young man named Paul Hughes into Lionel where he is now executive assistant for administration. Hughes' past experience with administration was an unbroken record of misjudgment: he had been an assistant to Alexander Guterma, the swindler; he had been indicted and pled guilty in the market-rigging of United Dye; he has been president of a company said to be controlled by Las Vegas gamblers.

The Wall Street Journal dilated upon these misfortunes at such length in its profile of Cohn last July 28 that Cohn complains that Hughes got more space than he did.

"I have dozens of business associates," he says, the mouth making the automatic wince of disgust, "and Paul is hardly the closest of them. I'm used to this sort of thing, but it's very unfair to Paul. He comes from a large New England family and he went to Villanova (altar boys seem always to follow Roy Cohn with their candles) and he took that job with Guterma when Guterma was on the cover of *Business Week*. When this came up, George Sokolsky went to the US Attorney's office to inquire for the Board. They told him that Paul had been very cooperative in the United Dye case and that it would be a gross miscarriage of justice if they fired him. If a man has been a Communist and isn't a Communist now, does that mean he can't be allowed to work?"

But all these executive problems have spent Roy Cohn's passion for that form of business which pro-

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duces for risk. He dreams now of companies which can run themselves and pay their counsel. His latest public sortie is against *Bon Ami*, the cleanser.

Bon Ami had been cruelly milked by Guterma. It was taken over after his fall by R. Paul Weesner who had restored it in three years to a comfortable profit position. Weesner calls this recovery a "saga"; Cohn, with his low estimate of the executive myth, says that anyone could have done it: "*Bon Ami* is bound to make money. Anybody who doesn't steal too much can always show a profit there."

Last July, Tel-A-Sign, another of Roy Cohn's enterprises which had shown a net loss last year, announced its intention to merge with *Bon Ami*. The public response of *Bon Ami* to this tender was silence, clamorously broken in August when Tel-A-Sign, with Roy Cohn as counsel, filed suit as a minority stockholder in *Bon Ami* to oust Weesner and his fellow officers on the charge that they had stolen $550,000.

"I'm Taking You Over"

Cohn's allegation against Weesner waits its turn in court; but the record suggests the familiar galloping hyperbole that marked Roy's entrance upon the public stage ten years ago. None of these great structures is ever put up, of course, without some small foundation. Weesner, by his own concession, was capable of certain informalities as a fiduciary officer. He had borrowed $808,000 from a Long Island bank to finance his purchase of control of *Bon Ami*. He had in four years reduced his bank debt by $550,000 – Cohn's whole figure – largely by selling off personal property but occasionally, in moments of stress from the bank, borrowing from *Bon Ami* to meet his payments. He had, R. Paul Weesner swore, paid back those loans to *Bon Ami* in full.

Along with his denial by explanation, Weesner swore to a memoir of the negotiations with Cohn which had preceded the Tel-A-Sign suit, and suddenly the last ten years were yesterday.

"Cohn came into Weesner's office on the afternoon of July 9," one *Bon Ami* associate says, "and took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves and said "I'm taking over; you've stolen $550,000; your personal secretary has stolen all your confidential interoffice memoranda and we've got them. I'm going to notify the District Attorney and you and all your boys are going to jail."

This is the fashion with which Roy Cohn still opens the bidding. He then passed, according to Weesner's affidavit and to some undisputed public material, to negotiating with these "thieves." By August 5, Cohn had entered into a tentative agreement which would give the Tel-A-Sign interest one seat on *Bon Ami's* five-man board of directors and provide for submission of Roy Cohn's charges to the corporate counsel of the company.

The next day, Weesner swears, Cohn came back to him and asked that *Bon Ami* retain Saxe, Bacon as its counsel for $2000 a month. Weesner says he refused, and a week later Cohn was back demanding control of *Bon Ami* for the Tel-A-Sign group.

"At this meeting," the Weesner affidavit says, "Mr. Cohn assured me that, under his control I would receive a five-year employment contract at $50,000 a year."

Negotiations expired there. Cohn brought his suit and his charges; *Bon Ami* is resisting manfully in the courts; the issue seems unlikely to be tried and the biography of Roy Cohn will always be the less for want of any judicial determination as to whether he really accused a man of stealing $550,000 in July, and offered to let him keep his job with a raise in August.

"If we get them into court, we'll prove they stole the money," Roy Cohn insists. Weesner, he went on, hints around every now and then that he would like some kind of deal. There remains the old confidence that every straw is a rope; he believed 10 years ago, as an instance, even if Joe McCarthy went down, Roy Cohn would remain with the Senate Committee on Government Operations, because he was a Democrat and John McClellan was a Democrat. It was that special trust in illusory powers and supposed connections that made him affront the one staff member of the McCarthy committee, Robert Kennedy, who was callower than he and who became the Attorney General of the United States.

Roy Cohn talked about how shallow a goal money is, and how he could now think more about charitable work, and about the boat he had just bought and how he had learned to water ski and, most of all, about his professorship at New York Law School.

The talk turned through the twilight into a sort of catalogue of his discarded partners. Each time the voice talked about how profitable it had all been; but at each name the mouth twitched at its right corner, an independent reflex of painfully-detached disillusion.

"The firm has grown," Roy Cohn ventured in a sudden grasp at relevance. A visitor, if he could swear to nothing else in Weesner's affidavit, had to believe then that, just for the platonic image of the firm, Roy Cohn must very much have wanted the *Bon Ami* retainer. He had moved by now to the trophy room; those eternal patriotic testaments, their gilt already mottling, seemed like monuments in a cemetery, filling the little room with a sadness universal, impersonal and without sympathy. Roy Cohn was looking into the gloom with no time left for his visitor and no apparent will to do whatever it was he had to do before he went to whatever is home.

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The Borders of China

Mao's Bold Challenge to Khrushchev

by Jacques Jacquet-Francillon

Precisely 48 hours before a communiqué confirmed the agreement between the Chinese and Soviet Communist Party leaders on the need for bilateral negotiations to "patch up" the cracked façade of the "socialist camp," an unexpected development took place. The date was March 8 (history will record it), and the "development" was an editorial, the last of a long series, in *People's Daily* and *Red Flag*. Broadcast worldwide by the "New China" agency and by Radio Peking, from February 26 to March 8, this editorial series comprises China's "great reply" to Khrushchev.

Avid followers of *People's Daily* read in the March 8 morning edition, on the front page of this official organ of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, an editorial entitled (paradoxically or humorously?) *"Comments on a statement made by the Communist Party of the United States of America."* The editorial contained the following remark: "From the moment that certain persons made allusions to Taiwan, Hong Kong and Macao, we felt it incumbent upon ourselves to look back over the pages of the history of imperialist aggressions against China. . . ."

No lengthy speculations are required as to who these "certain persons" might be. Was it not Khrushchev himself who, in an address given last December 7 before the Supreme Soviet, pointed out to the "Chinese comrades" that in his opinion they were scarcely in a position to reproach him for his "weakness" in Cuba when they had accommodated themselves to the presence of colonialists and imperialists on their own soil in Taiwan, Hong Kong and Macao?

The editorial in the March 8 *People's Daily* continues: "During the hundred or so years preceding the victorious Chinese Revolution, the colonial and imperialistic powers – the USA, Great Britain, France, Czarist Russia, Germany, Japan, Italy, Austria, Belgium, the Netherlands, Spain and Portugal – became unreservedly engaged in a campaign of aggression against China. They imposed on the various regimes of the old China numerous unequal treaties: the Treaty of Nanking in 1842; the Treaty of Aigun in 1858; the Treaty of Tsientsin in 1858; the Treaty of Peking in 1860; the Treaty of Ili in 1881; the Convention for the Extension of Hong Kong in 1898; the Treaty of 1901; etc. . . . By virtue of these unequal treaties, they annexed Chinese territory in the North, South, East and West; or they caused territories to be ceded to them on lease along the coast of China and even in the Chinese hinterland. . . . When the People's Republic of China was founded in 1949, our Government clearly stated its intention of eventually re-examining all the treaties concluded by previous Chinese regimes with foreign governments and, according to their respective texts, either recognizing, denouncing, revising or renegotiating them at the appropriate time."

There is no mincing of words here. But, *People's Daily* then adds: "Certain persons would like us to raise the question of the unequal treaties here and now. . . . Have they realized what the consequences of this might be?"

The Chinese leaders could not have spelled out their viewpoint more clearly. To them, Hong Kong, Macao and Taiwan are merely given points punctuating the vast problem of China's "legitimate" boundaries; and although, like all Western imperialists, Mr. Khrushchev has a short memory, the memory of China's leaders is exceedingly long, going back to the beginnings of China's 3,000 years of history.

In short, on March 8 Mao Tse-tung served notice to Moscow and the rest of the world that he considers himself the legitimate successor of the governments of China during her decadence, and in that capacity he claims the responsibility for correcting their errors. At the same time, however, is he not thus proclaiming himself to be nothing less than the heir of the most glorious former "Middle Kingdom"?

What are the boundaries of the territorial claims set forth by the new masters in Peking?

It would seem possible to answer this question by studying the clauses of the "unequal treaties" listed by *People's Daily*. Unfortunately, such is not the case. Chinese ambitions pay scant attention to the treaties, as is vividly borne out by a map taken from a Manual

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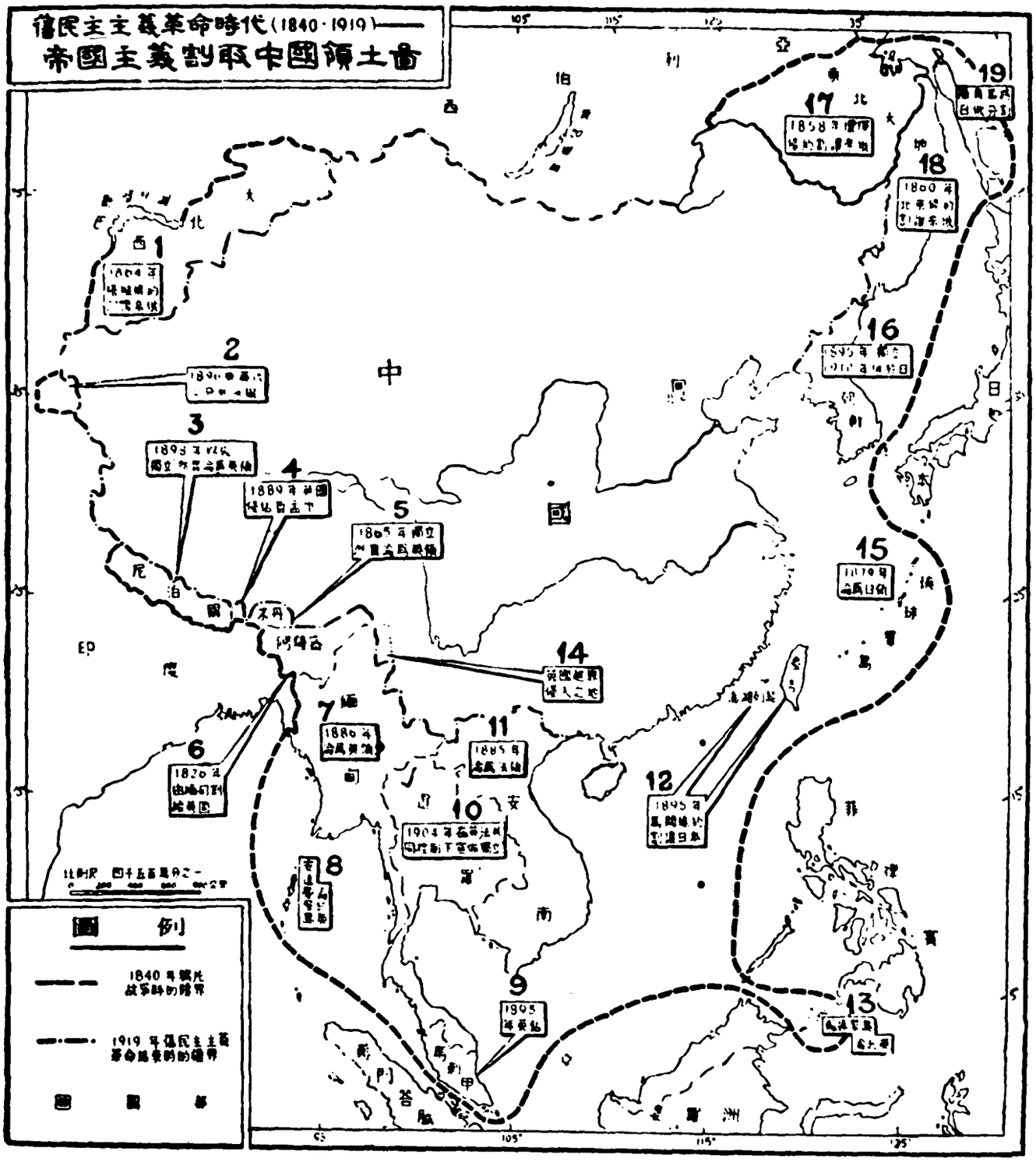

Map Taken From a History Manual Published in Peking in 1954

— — — *China's border in 1840 at the time of the Opium War.*
—.—.— *China's border at the end of the Early Democratic Revolution period* (1919)

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of History published in Peking in 1954 – in other words, in the sixth year of Mao Tse-tung's "reign" – and which is reprinted on page 19.

The outlines of this map and, even more, the comments which appear in the form of box-inscriptions, merit a detailed analysis. In effect, the map designates as "Chinese land prior to imperialistic encroachments" territories as vast and as remote from the present boundaries of the People's Republic of China as certain parts of Kazakhstan, the Kirghiz Republic and Tadzhikistan in the Soviet Union; the People's Republic of Outer Mongolia; a large portion of the Soviet Far East, including the island of Sakhalin; North and South Korea; Laos; the Sulu Islands in the Philippines; Cambodia; Thailand; Malaya; Burma; Assam and the Northeast Frontier Agency of the Indian Union; Bhutan; Sikkim; and Nepal.

The very title of this map is significant: "Map of imperialist encroachments on Chinese territory (1840-1919)." Then, a second line which says: "Period of the early democratic revolution." The "early democratic revolution" is an expression regularly used by Chinese Communist historians to designate the period of the anti-dynastic struggle which extended from the Opium War (1840) to the "Movement of May 4, 1911."

Let me now list the various boxed inscriptions inserted by the author of the map (numbered 1 to 19 on the map). My comments follow in brackets after each numbered inscription:

1. "*1864 – Tashkent falls into the hands of Czarist Russia.*" [This date (1864) is not the date of signing of any of the "unequal treaties" so vilified today by the Communist leaders in Peking. Instead, it corresponds substantially to the beginnings of Russian penetration into territories ruled by a certain number of Emirs and Khans who at that time by no means considered themselves vassals of the Emperor of China. In this region the present Sino-Soviet boundary was delimited – rather vaguely, to be sure – in 1881, by the Treaty of Ili, which Russian historians prefer to designate as the St. Petersburg Treaties. This treaty, specifically mentioned in the March 8 editorial of *People's Daily*, actually only stipulated the cession to Russia of a part of the Ili Valley – in other words, a small region very close to the present border (designated by broken lines and dots on the Chinese map). As can be seen from the map, however, according to the Chinese their boundaries "before imperialistic encroachments" (designated by continuous broken lines) extended well beyond that point, as far as the shores of Lake Balkhach, thus including: the Altai Mountains to the Pamir Mountains, a large part of Kazakhstan, of the Kirghiz Republic, and of Tadzhikistan. All of these are regions which Khrushchev has visited often during the past three years, to make a personal plea for his "campaign to utilize virgin land" on which many young people from Moscow, Leningrad or Kiev are employed.]

2. "*1896 – The cession of this territory was imposed by a treaty signed with England.*" [This is a reference to the region of Ladakh which constitutes one of the focal points of the current Sino-Indian conflict. In reality, taking advantage of the pro-Chinese measures adopted by Nehru during the idyllic days of the Bandung Pact (1955), the Chinese reoccupied a large strip of this desert territory and built a strategic highway through it which provides communication between Sinkiang and Tibet.]

3. "*After 1898, Nepal claims that it is independent, whereas in reality it is under British control.*" [Today Nepal is an independent nation whose sovereign is fond of visiting Peking. In 1962, the delimiting of the Sino-Nepalese boundary was the subject of a special agreement which is particularly vague with regard to possession of the summit of the "Roof of the World," Mt. Everest. In practice, Nepal is well on the way toward becoming a kind of Chinese protectorate.]

4. "*1889 – The British invade Chemung.*" [Chemung is the Chinese name for the Principality of Sikkim, a nation which is at present under a very flexible form of Indian protectorateship.]

5. "*1865 – Bhutan falls under British domination.*" [Bhutan which, like Sikkim, is a former British protectorate, enjoys the same special, protected status from India. Bhutan is dangerously threatened today by encirclement through China's claims to the Northeast Frontier Agency.]

6. "*1820 – Territory seized from Burma by England.*" [As shown on the map, this territory corresponds to the Northeast Frontier Agency and to the Plain of Assam, both integral parts of the Indian Union. If they are not Indian, then perhaps they are Burmese. But certain of these areas were claimed by Peking for itself when it held Nehru at gunpoint last October!]

7. "*1886 – Burma falls under British control.*" [Today Burma is an independent nation which, although it maintains excellent relations with Peking, certainly has no desire to become a province, even of the so-called autonomous type, of the People's Republic of China.]

8. "*The Andaman Islands are annexed by the British.*" [The Andaman Islands, which form part of the Indian Archipelago, are governed by a special law which virtually amounts to complete independence.]

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9. *"1895 – The British occupy Malaya."* [Malaya, which has been independent since 1957, is in imminent danger of becoming one of the most threatened areas of Southeast Asia, largely owing to the problems posed by the rapid growth of its sizable Chinese minority.]

10. *"1904 – Under the joint pressure of French and British imperialism, Thailand proclaims its independence."* [This unexpected statement, it seems to me, is the last straw. According to it, Mao Tse-tung's China, champion of all national independence movements in Asia, Africa and Latin America, relegates to the category of an "imperialistic encroachment" an independence obtained to the detriment of the old Chinese empire!]

11. *"1885 – Indochina becomes French territory."* [This reminder of China's sovereignty over his country before the French conquest is certainly not calculated to please President Ho Chi Minh, the "hero of Vietnamese independence."]

12. *"1895 – By the Treaty of Shimonoseki, Taiwan and the Penghu Islands fall into the hands of the Japanese."* [After 50 years of Nipponese domination, Taiwan (Formosa) and the coastal islands of Penghu were restored to China in 1945. However, they have so far escaped Mao Tse-tung's empire because they constitute the base from which Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, President of the Chinese Nationalist Republic, still dreams of launching a drive to reconquer the mainland.]

13. *"The Sulu Archipelago, under British domination."* [The Sulu Islands comprise a part of the Philippine Archipelago, entirely independent since 1946.]

14. *"British encroachments on the Sino-Burmese frontier."* [The territory designated under this caption on the map was officially recovered by Communist China at the time of the boundary agreement signed in 1962 with the Rangoon government.]

15. *"1879 – The Ryukyu Islands pass under Japanese domination."* [This domination ended in 1944. The Ryukyu Archipelago is currently under the control of the United States.]

16. *"Korea, independent since 1895, was occupied by Japanese imperialists in 1910."* [The independence of the Kingdom of Korea, a vassal of the Court of Peking, had been imposed on China by Japan through the Treaty of Shimonoseki in 1895. This reminder of former Chinese sovereignty does not prevent North Korean Communists from unreservedly siding with Mao Tse-tung in the Sino-Soviet quarrel. The presence of 200,000 Chinese "volunteers" fighting alongside the soldiers of Pyongyang during the Korean War left traces which are not about to disappear.]

17. *"1858 – Territory ceded to Czarist Russia by the Treaty of Aigun."* [This broad extension of the Muscovite Siberian domain is the work of the young Count Nikola Nikilaievitch Mouraviev, Governor of the Irkutsk Region. In 1854, the great Russian conqueror moved his troops eastward, while gunboats went up the Amur River (known to the Chinese as the "Heilung Kiang," or "Black Dragon") from the Pacific where, most appropriately, a fleet flying the Czar's flag had been cruising. Two years later at Aigun, a little *ostrog* or wooden fortress erected at the confluence of the Amur and its affluent, the Zéia, Mouraviev dictated his terms, whereby the entire area from the Amur basin to the Pacific was ceded to Russia.]

18. *"1860 – Territory ceded to Czarist Russia by the Treaty of Peking."* [In addition to the cession of the Amur Plain, the Russians had dictated under the terms of the Aigun Treaty a condominium over the Maritime Province (in Russian: Primorje), a vassal of China bounded to the north by the Amur River, to the west by its affluent, the Ussuri, and to the East by the Sea of Japan. Less than 24 months later, taking advantage of the defeat inflicted on the Chinese by French and British expeditionary forces, Russia converted this condominium into an annexation pure and simple, under the terms of a treaty signed at Peking on November 14, 1860. The same year witnessed the opening of what is today the largest war port of the Pacific Asiatic coast: Vladivostok (meaning: "ruler of the East"). The Soviet Union has completed the incorporation of this territory originally begun by Czarist Russia. Today Primorje could easily be taken for a province of Central Europe, as I can testify from personal observation.

19. *"Territory divided up between Japan and Czarist Russia."* [The territory in question is Sakhalin, accurately considered as an island by the Japanese and as an almost-island by the first Russian explorers who reached it in winter by crossing over the ice-floes. Sakhalin has never been a vassal region of the Peking Empire. At most, a few Chinese fur-merchants may have gone there. There is no place whose name reveals any traces of Sinoization of the region at any time. The Russians, steering a northerly course around Chinese resistance all along the Amur River, reached the island in 1806. In 1905, after the battle of Port Arthur, it was the Japanese who imposed the cession of half the island south of the 50th parallel. Declaring war on Japan "in extremis" on August 8, 1945, the very day when the second atomic bomb fell on Nagasaki, the USSR

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immediately reoccupied all of Sakhalin and has kept it under the Treaty of Yalta.]

We can thus see that present Chinese claims are at least in large part simply a revival of the old expansionist dreams of ancient Cathay. It was the Tang emperors (618 to 906) who succeeded in bringing under Chinese authority the tribes occupying the territories which today make up a good part of Siberia and the Soviet Far East, and all of Afghanistan. Under the Yuan Dynasty (1270 to 1368) and the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644), the Chinese took over Burma, Thailand, and the entire Indochinese Peninsula; debarked troops in Indonesia; imprisoned a king of Ceylon; and even at one time caused the whole Moslem world to quake by imposing an annual tribute on the Holy City of Mecca.

The rebirth of the former Chinese Empire is an extremely long-range project. Mao Tse-tung certainly does not dream of seeing it accomplished within his lifetime. Nevertheless, the task has already been begun. The seizure of Tibet by Peking in 1951, the crushing of the Lhassa revolt – a prelude to the flight of the Dalai Lama to the Indies – in the spring of 1959; the offensive of the "Border-Guard units" (this is the official name in Peking for these elite corpsmen) into the Himalaya area last fall, all these leave no room for doubt as to which way the wind is blowing.

What then are the means, conforming to the demands of this atomic century, available to the new heirs of the Middle Kingdom and which will enable them to translate their dreams into reality?

Let us return to the text of the March 8 editorial in the *People's Daily*, at the point where we broke off. After having set forth the fate which Peking eventually expects to reserve for the "unequal treaties," this official organ of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party goes on to say: "It is understood that China proposes to solve these problems by means of peaceful settlement. . . . In the matter of revision of treaties, as in other matters, China's policy toward the socialized countries will remain fundamentally different from her policy toward the imperialist countries."

All well and good. As a matter of fact, one cannot imagine Mao Tse-tung launching a military expedition against the Soviet Union to recover what he considers China's fair share of the heritage which is the marvelous Siberian domain, no matter what personal grievances he might cherish against Khrushchev. Of course he hopes to attain his goal by "peaceful negotiation," "at the appropriate time" – in other words, when the division of strength between the Kremlin and the Forbidden City shall have been reversed within the international Communist movement. For this Peking must first of all be in a position to break out of its political isolation by establishing along its borders an empire of satellites which will serve as a counterpart to Moscow's satellite empire. This is the immediate task.

The Chinese have their own special ways of "solving these problems by means of peaceful settlement." The tactic of blitzkrieg alternating with spontaneous retreat followed by an imperative offer of negotiation, inaugurated at the end of 1962 at Nehru's expense, is one of the most original of these ways. There are others:

– The Chinese Communists have just accepted, under an agreement signed in Peking last month by the Mongolian prime minister (not yet been made public), a delimiting of a common frontier with the People's Republic of Mongolia, the only extremely loyal Asian satellite of Moscow. At the same time, throughout their (so-called autonomous) Region of Inner Mongolia, the Chinese are waging an intensive propaganda campaign designed to awaken pan-Mongolian sentiments which they hope will spread across these desert regions.

– In the same way, China has peacefully settled, this we have witnessed, its border problem with Burma and Nepal and even, on March 2 with Pakistan. But Peking continues to arm rebellions directed against the central government of Rangoon by minority ethnic groups, numerous representatives of which are to be found in Yunan. As to the Nepalese Army, a constant stream of Chinese "advisers" flows to it, and at the same time the economy of this little Himalayan kingdom is becoming daily more dependent on aid from China. And finally, it would appear that the Sino-Pakistani border agreement is specifically designed at this moment to make a settlement of the Pakistani-Indian dispute over Kashmir difficult, thus diverting a large part of the Indian Army from the Himalayan front.

– As a champion of Laotian neutrality, the People's Republic of China is increasingly affirming its control over the Pathet Lao elements, reinforcing them in their refusal to become integrated into the National Army and thereby, as we are seeing this very week, once more neutralizing any chance of success for Prince Souvanna Phouma's compromise formula for Laos, either now or later. Meanwhile, economic aid from Peking to Laos is taking the form of constructing a network of roads which "at the appropriate moment" may make possible the rapid arrival of Chinese "volunteers."

Mao Tse-tung is not as unarmed as one might think. To hasten the day when his successors can see the realization of present dreams of Chinese greatness, subversion, as modern a weapon as nuclear missiles, is a tool of tremendous potential. It is more rapid than the famous horsemen of Ming; more effective than the valiant warriors of Kublai Khan, who were only prevented from making Japan into a province of the Middle Kingdom by the advent of a frightful typhoon which destroyed their fleet off Kyushu Island on September 15, 1281.

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Explaining Fidel Castro

by Samuel Shapiro

During the past four years, more than a dozen writers – few of them professional historians – have produced book-length explanations of Fidel Castro. To Nathaniel Weyl and former Ambassador Earl E. T. Smith, Castro was a Communist from the start, "a trusted Soviet agent" who concealed his plans until he got into power. To Tad Szulc and Karl E. Meyer he was a power-

The United States, Cuba, and Castro
by William Appleman Williams
(Monthly Review Press; $3.25)

hungry adventurer who willfully spurned American help and willfully made the United States an "enemy image" because he wanted to foment revolution in the rest of Latin America and could hardly do so "as a junior partner to Washington." To Theodore Draper, Castro is an "inherently unstable" opportunist who led a middle-class revolution and then betrayed it because "he would not tolerate the functioning of a government that was not a façade of his personal rule."

Now William Appleman Williams, who teaches diplomatic history at the University of Wisconsin, has produced a new analysis, going back beyond the first of January, 1959, when Castro came into power, and beyond even the period of armed struggle against the Batista dictatorship that began on July 23, 1953. Not limiting himself to US-Cuban relations under Eisenhower and Kennedy, he reviews the 60-year period beginning in 1898 as one during which, "directly and indirectly, with ships and troops and with economic weapons," the United States dominated the island's affairs; "the central truth [is] that Cuba was ours to lose." Whatever progress Cuba made during this long protectorate was largely confined to a small group of soldiers, politicians, rural and urban landlords, and foreign businessmen; as A. A. Berle, Jr. described the situation, there was "great luxury for a relatively small group in Havana and a small rise above the starvation level for the masses." After six decades of tutelage, Cuba was "a disorganized society on the edge of stagnation and chaos." This was the society within which the Castro brothers and their young middle-class followers grew up, and their desire to destroy it was motivated by something more appealing and powerful than self-interest or megalomania.

Professor Williams' account of the relations between the United States and Cuba during the crucial early months of 1959 is generally persuasive. Castro, he argues, was committed from the start to making a social revolution. In 1957, in the Sierra, he had declared that "the Revolution is struggling for a total transformation of Cuban life, for profound modifications in the system of property and for a change in institutions." But he did not yet know what means he would use; he was probably sincere when he told an American reporter in 1958 that "foreign investments [would] always be welcome and secure" in Cuba. The truth seems to be that he was not yet a convinced Marxist; that his ideas on economics were (and are) contradictory and changeable; that he had no way of knowing under what conditions he would come to power, or what attitude the United States would take toward him; and that he was above all preoccupied with the grim and bloody business of overthrowing Batista, which of course took precedence over speculation about the future. Draper's scrupulous textual analysis of Castro's speeches to prove that he "betrayed" his promises is, Williams argues, beside the point:

> "He writes . . . as though the Revolution itself was a schoolbook exercise in politics. Draper's world of revolution is cut of cardboard. There are no troubled and perplexed men. No human beings struggling with conflicting ideas, ideals, or loyalties. And no people changing their minds as the result of thought, or of exposure to new ideas and experiences. None of that troublesome reality for Draper. Just men of bad faith betraying a noble revolution."

Using Draper's technique, we could show similar "betrayals" by American statesmen. Washington, Adams, and Jefferson repeatedly pledged their loyalty to Britain; Lincoln many times declared that he had no intention of attacking slavery in the South; both FDR and Eisenhower promised to balance the budget; all of them changed their minds – as circumstances changed. Had Castro set himself up as another Batista, Trujillo, or Somoza, continued Cuba's subservience to the United States and filled his own pockets, there would have been a "betrayal," but one suspects that American newspapers, Congressmen, and the State Department would have accepted that new regime as an integral part of the "free world."

We still do not know the whole story of Castro's break with the United States. Felipe Pazos, his National Bank President, and Rufo Lopez Fresquet, his Minister of Finance, have testified that during their visit to the US in April, 1959, Castro warned them not to discuss loans with American officials. But Dr. Pazos' son Javier, who worked in the Ministry of Economics until he went into exile in 1960, says that Castro *did* expect a loan "with no strings attached," that in May, 1959 he was still "very enthusiastic" about American help, and that "he was contemplating the possibility of staying on the American side of the fence." ("Cuba – Was a Deal Possible in '59?", *New Republic*, January 12, 1963).

American help was not forthcoming, at least not on terms that Castro could

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accept; John Foster Dulles and Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson were not the most ardent advocates of financing social revolutions. Washington decided, as one official put it, to let Castro (and the Cuban people) "go through the ringer." Whatever hopes of an accord there might have been lessened considerably that spring and summer with seizures of American property under the Agrarian Reform Law, and the State Department's repeated demands for "prompt, adequate and effective compensation." A downward spiral that was to lead to the breaking of diplomatic relations, the CIA-sponsored invasion of 1961, and the missile crisis of 1962 had begun. The one thing upon which Williams and Draper agree is the ineptitude of our diplomacy during this period: "The real flaw in American policy," Draper writes, "was sterility. If it did not push Castro into the arms of the Communists, it did very little to make it harder for him to go where he wanted to go."

And in 1960, John F. Kennedy (then a US Senator) was led to wonder "whether Castro would have taken a more rational course after his victory had the United States Government not backed the dictator Batista so long and so uncritically, and had it given the fiery young rebel a warmer welcome in his hour of triumph, especially on his trip to this country." (*The Strategy of Peace.*)

Professor Williams is on less solid ground when he attempts to exculpate Castro of all blame for the breakdown of US-Cuban relations. It is true that American politicians were officious and patronizing about the new regime, and that the arrival of a new American Ambassador in Havana was delayed for nearly two months. But these affronts, and others like them, would hardly have driven Castro very far along the road to Communism unless he was not willing to go there in the first place. He could conceivably have followed the leftist-nationalist line of a Nasser or Sékou Touré, kept the small and discredited Cuban Communist Party (PSP) out of power, and tried to get as much as he could in the way of trade and aid from both the US and USSR. He chose deliberately to become a member of the Soviet bloc. And if the Agrarian Reform Law, the seizure of the Cuban Telephone Company, and the first trade agreements with the USSR were deemed necessary, the unrestrained rhetoric accompanying them was not. A wiser man would have avoided any needless affront to American public and official opinion – but then, would any "reasonable" man have been able to overthrow Batista in the first place?

Professor Williams is not convincing either when he argues that Castro's course can be understood in terms of a whole-hearted commitment to the Constitution of 1940. It is true that that surprisingly radical document does authorize the expropriation of private property and a high degree of control over the economy. But it also speaks of political liberties, the right to vote and organize parties, freedom of the press, and an independent judiciary; none of these exist in Cuba today. The new United Party of the Socialist Revolution (PURS) follows a Soviet model, and Castro now speaks of elections only to ridicule them. Even the economic guarantees of the Constitution (minimum wages, the eight-hour day, paid vacations) have had to be abrogated for those unions that enjoyed them, and recent speeches are full of invective against "rotten potatoes . . . workers who have negligent consciences, who are taking advantage of the revolution by their laziness." (Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, the Communist agricultural boss, in *El Mundo*, Feb. 5, 1963). Those who continue to admire the genuine social achievements of the Cuban revolution must face the fact that these have been brought about by a dictatorship subject to the will of one impetuous young man.

After condemning Castro, Draper runs out of useful ideas. He is against any attempt to overthrow the present regime by an invasion or a blockade, and admits that there is no "effective underground in Cuba." One of his chapters tells us "How *Not* to Overthrow Castro," but he doesn't tell us how we are to live with him, either. Williams suggests we try to re-establish communication, to be at least as willing to negotiate with Castro as we are with Khrushchev. The success of the invasion-prisoners-for-medicine-and-baby-food exchange shows some deals are possible. We might then try to use Cuba "to effect a general breakthrough on controlled and inspected disarmament" and eventually work out a joint program of economic assistance that would make Cuba "the showplace of coexistence." But given the state of mind in this country, his program has little chance of being tried.

Lines from Inside the Promised Land

No tears for Moses. Though he never enter
and the Land leap at slightest touch
ping ponged along a road he cannot battle
sharp hewn to mock his crutch
he of all Israelites was given
the honey in the cup.

Drink up Moses and smack your shining whiskers!
you of us all have known the taste,
piled mud on mud and let the brick dry out,
sung breathless at the raising, watched roof and wall,
brought wood to carve the steps, hauled stone, killed doubt,
raked grass for thatch lest one leaf go to waste.

Drink full to drown our echoes from your house
finished by you but lintel never crossed.
Dwellers within the land you glimpsed
we swelter below your seedling trees
gorging ourselves on leavened bread
envying you who died outside.

CLAIRE BURCH

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TELEVISION

Sarnoff Fights Back

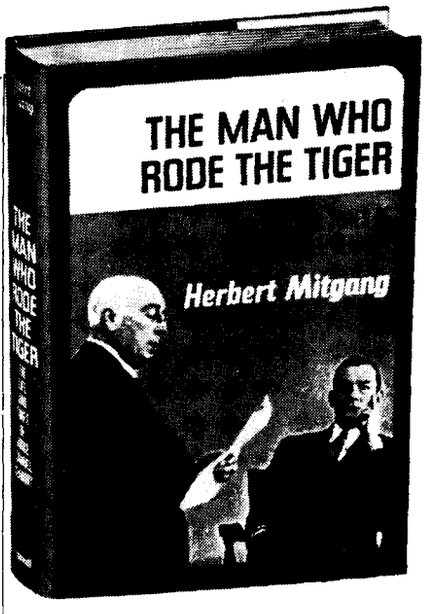
Let me share the TV-statesmanlike thoughts of Robert Sarnoff, chairman of the board of NBC, on "Television's Role in the American Democracy." "Essentially," Mr. Sarnoff told the Chicago World Trade Conference on March 5, "democracy is a union of two concepts. One is the concept of free expression which the late Judge Learned Hand characterized as 'brave reliance upon free discussion.' . . . The other is the concept of a competitive free enterprise economy as best calculated to meet the needs of the individual and the nation . . . those nations achieving the highest degree of consumer-oriented industrialization have also attained the most effective self-government. . . . Television was born of both and supports both. I suggest the time is overdue for thoughtful Americans to begin evaluating the total dimension of the television service."

(Note that "television" does not mean a certain invention and technology, but the present regime in television. For instance, non-commercial or non-network television is not mentioned in this speech. Television is what Mr. Sarnoff has in his pocket.)

"In the mature American economy," he continues, "rising demand requires the continuous stimulation of consumer drives. [!] The primary stimulant is advertising, and among all forms of advertising television has unique capabilities. Like advertising, it creates demands, but it goes further and functions as a direct selling force . . . with the personal persuasion of one individual speaking to another in his house. . . . In the past the dealer had the responsibility for developing the manufacturer's market. Today the manufacturer helps create the market for the dealer by speaking directly to his customers. . . .

"It is against this perspective that criticism of an advertiser-supported television system should be considered – criticism which claims that the marketing function of the medium prevents it from discharging its program function." (Note that it is the "medium" which has these functions, not the men who control the medium.) "To my mind," says Mr. Sarnoff, "there is no inconsistency but a close parallel between these functions. Both seek to engage the interests of large audiences, and this is a valid goal of a mass medium of entertainment and information, quite apart from its marketing role. Additionally, television recognizes minority interests and in doing so it also serves the advertisers interested in such specialized audiences." (In a previous address, December 5, 1962, Mr. Sarnoff explained this by saying, "Television cannot afford to ignore a minority of millions" – presumably those who wouldn't be caught dead watching TV – "who include the taste leaders and the style setters, and who form an economic segment important to many national advertisers.")

Having thus established a wonderful, pre-established harmony between commerce and culture, TV and democracy, Mr. Sarnoff comes to what is bothering him particularly – the threats of interference with the *freedom* of commercial-network television. To secure our blessings, he says, "we must maintain a protective and jealous attitude toward the institutions that make them possible. We must understand the nature of the political and economic forces that shape our environment. This is the function of free media of communications, anchored in the Jeffersonian conviction that men are inherently capable of making *proper* judgments when they are *properly* informed." (Italics added.) And for this proper informing, TV is indispensable, "whether the occasion is a national political convention or a manned space shot . . . direct contact with the pressure of a UN crisis in debate and the violence of controversy over segregation on the University of Mississippi campus . . . and documentaries on major public issues such as social welfare, state legislative processes, our dimin-



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ishing water resources, and legalized gambling."

(May I say that this ritual enumeration of the dozen public service glories of TV – after say 15 years at 20 hours a day – has become a little monotonous? In a recent letter to *The New Republic*, David Brinkley also singles out the civil rights story, the conventions, and the bookies, but adds "a classic film on Van Gogh" that somehow lost $100,000. By the way, I doubt that freedom-riders, etc., would dig Sarnoff's expression "direct contact with the violence of controversy over segregation.")

"In addition to this concentration on equipping the citizen for more useful participation," says Mr. Sarnoff finally, "the medium has forever altered the American political process . . . by presenting political candidates directly to the voters, culminating in the Presidential campaign of 1960 and the 'Great Debate'." And it turns out that what Mr. Sarnoff is after is to get the Congress "to relieve the public and the broadcasters of . . . the legal straitjacket of equal time on the air for all Presidential candidates, no matter how quixotic their interest or meager their support. I strongly urge that the Congress go further, by eliminating, completely and permanently, the equal time restraint which operates against the free flow of information, [so that] television can serve the voters at the state and local levels as it has served them nationally." That is to say, from bottom to top, the electorate is never to hear anything but party-line Democrats and Republicans running on almost identical platforms and avoiding any vote-losing issues. So far as TV can prevent it, no radically different view will have a chance to enter the political process, *e.g.* on such quixotic issues as armaments, testing, policy in Vietnam, spending in the public sector, the 20-hour week, monopolies in communications, the Defense Education Act, the methods of urban renewal, decentralization of our municipal structure, curbing the cars and highways, powers of the police, drug and moral laws, and all other matters where party-line Democrats and Republicans either see eye-to-eye or keep their mouths shut.

On election night, however, there is a most impressive coverage of the returns in the race between the two matched pacers, and TV takes pride in this democratic service, though it defeats me exactly how democracy is served by it, since before TV people always managed to find out anyway who was elected President.

I have given Mr. Sarnoff's argument at length and in his own words because he sounds as if he means what he says. I have never heard put so clearly the connection between our economy of synthetic-demand and our politics of democracy-by-consent. Even the reference to Jefferson might be in good faith; yet Mr. Sarnoff does not have an inkling of what the democratic process is about. He thinks that the mass-audience individually wooed by the merchandiser of a standard product is the same as a number of people actively asserting their common will; that information that might interest a big common-demoninator is the kind of knowledge wanted by political groups with real business and interests of their own, in terms of which they compact, trade, and compromise to form a majority; that the agenda and format of free political meetings can originate in feature-story conferences on Madison Avenue and network-selected panels.

The widespread dissemination of true information is always useful, but it may be irrelevant to democracy. Unless the information is really criticized and countervailed, it may serve as propaganda for a lifeless consensus. To say it very darkly, German Jews thus took part in going to the gas-chambers, and thus we are going to be destroyed by hydrogen-bombs.

The film of a space shot is inspiriting to look at, but it is politically useless, or worse than useless, if there is not also a barrage of argument about the space-program, its economics, the scientific scandal of their being a space role involving secrecy rather than international cooperation. Democractically, the conventions are not nearly so important as the prior dealings and primaries; but at least in 1960 in my

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state of New York – where Adlai Stevenson was overwhelmingly the popular candidate and Mr. Kennedy got almost all the delegates – there was not much of this on TV. Naturally we cannot expect TV to rise above the sheepishness of the public; yet it does, by its monopoly, stupefy democracy even further. If the medium has "forever altered the American political process," so far it has been for the worse.

Correspondingly, Mr. Sarnoff seems really not to understand the critics who "claim that the marketing function prevents the program function." Both in politics and morals it is inevitable that any forthright deviant proposition, especially if it is of general importance and interest, will be widely annoying, in questionable taste, even infuriating, and lose customers. Emotionally, the spontaneous cannot be controlled and may terribly mar the package. In the arts, anything new and powerful that aims at a big audience is almost bound to be offensive or "incomprehensible" to most of that audience. In the sciences, the worthwhile is likely to be difficult. Of course TV is not obliged and ought not to try, to present all these excellent things – there are other media; but let us at least be accurate: there is no essential relation whatever between objective value and broad *immediate* appeal. Mr. Sarnoff's principle can only debase the public intellect further.

Those who make decisions for the major networks are powerful men. The kind of democracy-by-consent in which Mr. Sarnoff seems to believe is not far from directed democracy, and thanks to NBC, etc., we have come part way of that short distance. It is curious. The American Civil Liberties Union and others have been trying to smoke out the FCC to state a policy on "reasonable coverage" of the dissenting, annoying, and probably anti-commercial. Since the few present channels are semi-monopolies, there must be some such principle in the democratic interest; but the Commission has so far avoided the topic. Mr. Sarnoff proposes to curtail even the policy of "fairness" (equal time), which the Commission has somewhat tried to uphold. Needless to say, Mr. Sarnoff makes his pitch in the name of freedom.

Paul Goodman

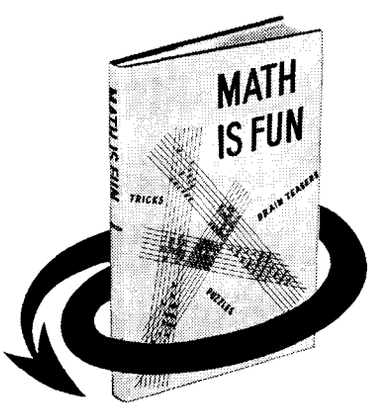
Art at Sears

American industry and commerce have long been involved, one way or another, with art, but the involvement has almost always been entered on the books somewhere under the heading of public relations or philanthropy or both at once. Sears, Roebuck does not treat art as an enhancement of the corporate image or as a worthy recipient of corporate largesse. It pays art the supreme mercantile compliment of treating it as merchandise. With art, Sears has the same desire it has with washing-machines: to move the goods.

The goods have been moving. The program opened just about six months ago in Denver. I recently watched it move into Washington and it was something to watch, particularly if, like me, you regularly pass a certain number of hours visiting lonely shut-ins who run art galleries. In the first evening and morning – a total of not more than five hours – over 100 works were sold. The Sears Washington art sale got to town with about 250 items, of which just under 100 were hung. When a piece was sold, it was taken down, wrapped up and handed to the purchaser, in sharp contrast to normal gallery practice of leaving everything up till the end of the show, three or four weeks, marked with red stars if sold. In common with most merchandisers, Sears has a variety of credit plans available and all were used, but a lot of things were bought for cash, too. The highest price in the show was $3,000 for a 30 year old Eugene Berman; the lowest I found was $35 for a Hogarth engraving, though the firm has sold $10 items. In general the print price range went from the Hogarth up to about $400, the painting range from about $100 to about $600. The set-up is that of a road show, playing two and three-week stands at various combinations of the 755 Sears stores around the country. At any given moment there are from eight to 12 such exhibitions going on.

Random details: the art at Sears seems to come under the home furnishings department, as it does for the vast majority of Americans who ever buy a print or painting; the show at Washington, and presumably elsewhere, was preceded by full-page newspaper advertisements, as with the introduction of any new line; two-thirds of the astonishing sales record was racked up by prints and drawings.

The last is important. It is not to be dismissed as the result of the price difference. It isn't that great and what difference there is is largely illusory. The top price paintings were not moving as fast as the top price prints and in



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that initial period the highest priced work sold was a drawing at over $500. The volume difference – twice as many prints as paintings – accurately reflects the quality of the two classes of art in the show. The prints are easily twice as good as the paintings. Comparison, in fact, is impossible. Prints included were by Dürer, Piranesi, Whistler, Hogarth, Goya and Rouault. The only young contemporary American was Leonard Baskin. In paintings, quite the other way: the Berman, a misty view of Versailles, had only a jazzy Jacob Lawrence to keep it company. Most of the paintings were by little known contemporary Americans, and most were pleasant, harmless things, well enough painted but very cautiously conceived. No abstraction of any degree. Advanced art was represented by carefully drawn representation with mild surreal suggestions.

At this point you get to the dominant taste that formed the show. It is that of Vincent Price, whose movie career has mined Edgar Allen Poe much as Tin Pan Alley used to mine Tschaikovsky. Independently of his lifework of looking for the lost Lenore, however, Mr. Price has collected art almost from childhood, studied art at Yale and the Courtauld Institute, and been a panelist, lecturer and juror in the art world for many years, and it was he who selected the merchandise for Sears. He had qualifications for the job beyond the inevitably dubious ones of sweating out the art answers in quiz shows on Wasteland. It could be argued that it required no particular taste to choose the prints: they're right out of anyone's list of great graphics. I for one am not prepared to so argue. Mr. Price got a lot of his prints out of the Keppel estate, which, apparently, he bought entire. This is buying in the big store sense and requires more knowledge than a list of greats.

It is of interest, too, that, as far as one can judge in matters which are modified by hundreds of variations, the good-selling prints by important artists were somewhat higher priced in Sears than in normal channels. To be sure, in Piranesi and Goya, there are enormous differences in the printings of different dates. But in Rouault's *Miserere,* which provided some of the most striking prints in the Sears show, there isn't that kind of variation, and the examples I saw in the catalogue of an established New York gallery averaged $100 to $150 below what seemed comparable examples at Sears. It seems to me that the difference can be justified. One element is framing. All Sears prices include frames and in prints the cost of framing, especially if you fall into the hands of a framer with artistic pretensions, can be staggering. To an austere taste, the Sears frames are perhaps a little overdone, but they're nothing to what can happen to good prints at the hands of an artist-framer who thinks he's Cecil B. De Mille.

Even more important, Sears is here, wherever you are. If you are, to use the awful word, a homemaker, you know about Sears and the odds are you never heard of the gallery in New York that may have the same prints for sale. In many trades and industries there is a valuable function known as a "finder"; it seems to me that Mr. Price and Sears between them have admirably performed that function.

In an age of mass distribution, art in America has clung to a style and a system created when we were settling the West. The trade clusters in New York, with trading stations strung out thinly along the principal wagon routes west. From time to time a trader sets forth on the route with crates of merchandise; from time to time the more prosperous settlers make it back east and enjoy a wider selection.

Sears has grasped something the art trade has missed: the West is won. The firm is in the process of discovering that quite a bit of good painting goes on around the country without much relation to the pursuit of gimmickry back at the Fort. If the big store can carry on as it has begun and simultaneously upgrade its painting and update its prints, it can bring the art boom, at last, into touch with the customers.

FRANK GETLEIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Samuel Shaprio *is the author of numerous controversial articles on Cuba.* Claire Burch *is the author of a forthcoming book of poems,* Notes on a Blast.

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FILMS

Far East and Far Out

The Ugly American (Universal)
How the West Was Won (M-G-M)
Critic's Choice (Warner)

In *The Ugly American*, whose screenplay is considerably re-arranged from the Lederer-Burdick novel, Marlon Brando plays an ambassador newly sent out to Sarkhan, a fictitious country with recognizable elements of Laos and Vietnam. He is also meant as our representative in a second sense because, through him, we are to learn a few simple truths: It is not necessarily a proof of Communism in a foreigner to disagree violently with American policy, particularly in his own country; American blindness to this fact has driven many people, particularly Asians, towards Communism. The novel also made much of the inadequacies of the US Foreign Service. Here, except for a cartoon-crude embassy press officer, the burden is borne by the ambassador. Even though he has an old friend in a popular Sarkhanese leader, he has to discover how remote he has been from understanding.

The several lessons of the film are unexceptionable, if elementary; and its final irony is apt. Stewart Stern's script is passably constructed, despite a clumsy two-part reunion sequence between Brando and his old buddy and a sprinkling of the usual domestic scenes between the ambassador and his wife in which she says, "Darling, you must rest," etc., etc., etc. The Eastman Color, as always, looks washed out compared with Technicolor. Pat Hingle and Jocelyn Brando play an American couple; he is building the highway that is the *casus belli* of the film, she runs a children's clinic. Hingle is his customary homespun self and Miss Brando is better than you might expect a star's sister to be. Eiji Okada, the lover in *Hiroshima mon amour*, plays the local leader, and although he has a devilish time making his English clear, he works up very considerable power. There is feline charm in Kukrit Pramoj, a Thai publisher and former government minister, who appears as the Sarkhanese premier. George Englund's direction is pedestrian.

Apart from the picture's laudable political points, its most interesting element is Brando's performance. Once again – unlike other American stars – he has insisted on trying a role different from his past ones. It is not a part of any depth, but it is unlike anything he has done, and equipped with slender moustache and pipe and moderately refined speech, he strides chestily into it to create in us yet again a basic dissatisfaction – a dissatisfaction that is the result of his uniqueness. Here is an actor of undeniable fiery talent, strong personality, a hunger for seriousness, and all we keep thinking is, "Not yet, not yet."

It is the very fact of his moving performances in the past, even of his failures like *Mutiny on the Bounty*, that makes us feel that he is not what he ought to be, that makes us expect more of Brando than of just any run-of-the-mill giant star. We can still hope that Brando will flare into genuine greatness. We can doubt that this will lie in industrious devotion to the possibly old-fashioned idea of external range: change of aspect and accent from Okinawan guide to Southern army officer to English lord. Nor does it necessarily lie in devotion to Good Causes, like the subject of *The Ugly American*. Brando could be the leading actor of a new theater in this country, a new film. (In a sensible world, in an unconstricted picture, he should have played the police chief in *The Balcony*.) Instead of choosing parts along which he gropes for occasional chances to cut loose, he needs parts in which the authors have cut loose to begin with. There is a theater/film building up in Europe and, belatedly, in this country of which he might be the prime protagonist. Perhaps that is his road to fulfillment instead of mimicking, in somewhat hamstrung fashion, the career motions of eminent actors of the past. Perhaps he is indeed the quintessential American actor of our time, still snared in outmoded theatrical concepts which are further entangled with the pseudo-quality of Hollywood "superior" pictures. If this is true, his is not a career but a case history.

From a film about how the East is being lost, we turn to *How the West Was Won*. The American West, that is. First, it is in Cinerama, a technique still so imperfect that it is pretty nervy to ask people to pay to see it. Second, it is a historical stew of the sort that is usually defended at the last ditch as educational for children. Any cultivated parent who takes a child to this saccharine, distorted trash will regret it.

Another brief note. *Critic's Choice* is a gratingly mechanical Bob Hope-Lucille Ball comedy about a New York newspaper's dramatic critic whose wife writes a play which he pans when it is produced. This *roman à Kerr* is notable only for this working newspaperman's duplex apartment. It awed me and would probably awe J. Paul Getty, but it certainly is interesting to see how those newspaper fellows live.

Stanley Kauffmann

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Correspondence

Adam Clayton Powell's Leadership

Sirs:

I find it impossible to ascribe the attacks on Adam Clayton Powell to motives more noble than racism. Surely it must strike some observers as strange that the most virulent onset by Congressmen against a colleague since the days of Joe McCarthy is directed against a Negro, for reasons usually ignored under the sweeping doctrine of Congressional privilege.

It should seem even more strange that this attack has been mounted during a period of perhaps unprecedented Congressional irresponsibility. How trivial Mr. Powell's offenses seem compared to those of his antagonists! In what respect is his packing of the Education and Labor Committee staff with black and white Democrats more heinous than Senator Byrd's refusal to let the Senate even debate the alternatives to economic disaster? Is Powell's jaunt to Paris with two pretty girls any less reprehensible than the continuation, tacitly approved by the entire Mississippi delegation, of that state's suppression of its Negro citizens? Is his absenteeism any more frivolous than that of the sizeable group of Eastern legislators known collectively as the Tuesday-Thursday Club?

The editors of *The New Republic* are correct in pointing out that Mr. Powell's Negroness should not exclude him from criticism just "because there are white Congressmen who are equally guilty." Mr. Powell has done some stupid and trivial things; he has abused flagrantly the privileges of a Congressman and a committee chairman. But his abuses, so apparent to the naked eye, pale against those mentioned above and the countless others committed by Congressmen in positions of power.

White liberals, joining in the chorus against Powell, have tempered their condemnation with smug homilies about the Congressman's supposed misrepresentation of his Negro constituents, about the "tragedy" of his wasted abilities. About the latter I reserve judgment; Mr. Powell seems to me to have accomplished a good bit more for a good many people than have most Congressmen. But the line about Mr. Powell's defection as a Negro leader simply does not hold water. He may not fit the officially sanctioned, Roy Wilkins - Whitney Young image of Negro leadership, but he is far too clever a politician ever to fall out of step with the mood of his constituents. His recent tirade in Harlem against the NAACP's white-oriented leadership was no capricious reprisal against his white critics. They may have egged him on, but Powell was basically voicing a quick and sensitive response to the surge of black nationalism in Harlem; that it was in fact a political act should have been made clear by the presence on the platform of Muslim Minister Malcolm X. And it is also worth noting that Mr. Powell's outspoken opposition to white gradualism is not appreciably more distasteful than Senator Fulbright's reluctant but firm commitment to Arkansas' racial tradition. I know offhand of no politician of national stature who in this time of racial unrest has opted to lead rather than follow the sentiments of his constituents.

James Baldwin recently pointed out that "there is no reason that black men should be expected to be more patient, more forbearing, more farseeing than whites." Yet of course that is what we expect in Negro leadership, and in itself explains why Jackie Robinson was so vigorously excoriated in his pre-Chock-Full-o'-Nuts days, why the cautious Urban League receives warm white support, why the comedian, Dick Gregory, is increasingly under attack in the South, and why Adam Powell today represents to a growing body of whites the precise opposite of what *they want* in a Negro leader.

Jonathan Yardley
New York, N. Y.

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Goodman's Solutions for TV

Sirs:

Paul Goodman's recent reflections on "The Continuing Disaster" in television demonstrate, I think, why his analyses always seem so cogent, and his solutions so woolyminded.

Goodman can see that TV violence is dictated by American psychosexual problems, but not, apparently, that the TV power structure is determined by American economics. Goodman's tendency to find only stupidity at the root of every native abuse shows his blindness to the intelligible machinery of an inexorable system, and leads him into absurd, and, therefore, ineffectual programs for salvation. Here he suggests that somebody (whom he does not identify) should "disenfranchise" the networks, and hand TV over to "municipalities, colleges, local newspapers, ad hoc associations." Putting aside the question whether this would really improve TV, one might ask how such changes are to be accomplished, without some fundamental change in the nature of American capitalism? One might just as quickly disenfranchise Big Business, which is, after all, the money behind the networks, which flourishes through them, and which has thus far successfully blocked even minor reforms by the FCC. Like many of our cultural critics, Goodman is still looking for Madison Avenue villains; and like them, he invariably compromises his radical critiques with foggy liberal panaceas. Such critics contribute little more to our current debates than hortatory sounds and radical postures, which may explain why they are so easily tolerated, warmly embraced, and rapidly assimilated by the sloppier elements of our society. To Mr. Goodman, who calls himself an Anarchist and Utopian, I would suggest two possibilities. Either to practice Utopian Anarchism in earnest by converting his cultural demands into political programs, and working towards a total transformation of American life. Or to withdraw from the mass media, both as a commentator and a collaborator, enduring them as ugly facts of a venal system, and devoting his energies to supporting whatever is vital, authentic, and uncorrupted in our deteriorating culture.

Robert Brustein
New York, N. Y.

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